THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible] Weekly Magazine
Fo[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

AUG. 31, '07 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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Sense and Nonsense

As Done in Oklahoma

A MAN who had been a prominent citizen in Maryland, in all that the term implies, and who had served as a judge on the bench, went to Oklahoma to live. He had some difficulty with another lawyer, fought it out in a church, after prayer-meeting one night, and was arrested for disorderly conduct.

Representative Mudd, of Maryland, was asking Representative Flynn, of Oklahoma, about it.

Flynn retailed the story.

"That's queer," commented Mudd; "that man was a class-leader in Maryland."

"Well," said Flynn, "that sort of conduct may go in church in Maryland, but I want to tell you it doesn't in Oklahoma."

The Genesis of a Fisherman

NEARLY everybody out in Chicago, by this time, knows that A. S. Trude, the criminal lawyer, is one of the greatest of trout fishers, greater even than his friend and former piscatorial preceptor, Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison. Few, however, are aware of the dispensation of Providence through which it was vouchsafed Mr. Trude to win this reputation.

Harrison and Trude have been cronies for a quarter of a century. They frequent the same club most of the time, expound the same political doctrine part of the time, and hunt and fish together the rest of the time. Every summer they make an extended expedition through the wilds of the Northwest. Up to the summer of 1904 it appears to have been the arrangement that Trude should row the boat while Harrison fished. On their return in the fall Harrison would give out extended interviews to the reporters on his remarkable catch of fish. Trude would give out interviews on the remarkable catch he would have made if he hadn't been compelled to row the boat so much of the time.

In the winter of 1904 came the Iroquois Theatre fire with the subsequent action of the coroner's jury holding Mayor Harrison and other city officials to the grand jury for responsibility for the disaster. Trude, the authority on criminal law, raced to the rescue of his friend and, within twenty-four hours after the return of the verdict, had convinced a court that the mayor was blameless.

The afternoon of his discharge by the court Mayor Harrison was found by the reporters in his private office, receiving the congratulations of politicians and personal friends. He was in a grateful frame of mind, and he telephoned to Trude to come over and help receive the congratulations.

"What's Mr. Trude's fee to be, Mr. Mayor?" inquired a reporter.

The mayor was silent, while his eyes traveled slowly up to the ceiling and back again.

"I guess I'll have to row the boat next summer," he replied.

So Harrison rowed and Trude angled his way to a championship trout-catching reputation. It is authoritatively reported that Harrison still rows the boat.

They Needed Him

COLONEL ALBERT POPE, bicycle and automobile manufacturer, was in San Francisco on the day of the earthquake, at the old Palace Hotel.

He was tumbled out of bed by the shock, and rushed downstairs to see what was the matter and was told there was no danger of the fire reaching the Palace. Later in the day, he was advised to move along, and he packed two suit-cases with some of his belongings and hired an express wagon to take him to the St. Francis.

It was certain there was no danger there. Still, next day the fire was imminent, and Colonel Pope reduced his baggage to one suit-case and decided to go to the Presidio, for he knew General Funston, and was certain he would find refuge there.

The Colonel is tall, whiskered and most dignified. He stood on the curb for hours trying to hire a wagon to carry him and his suit-case to the Presidio, but nobody paid any attention to him. Then he decided to walk, for the fire was getting close. He carried the suit-case for half a mile or so, stopping, now and then, to throw away some of the stuff in it, and, at the end of the second mile, had thrown everything away except a nightshirt and a tooth-brush.

He sat down on a doorstep to rest. As he was sitting there an automobile, loaded with soldiers, broke down out in the street. The soldiers tried to fix it, and couldn't.

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, who had noticed that the automobile was one of the kind he makes himself; "if you will allow me, I think I can help you in your difficulty."

He looked over the machine, found where the difficulty was and fixed it. Then he started to return to his seat on the doorstep.

"Get in here," commanded one of the soldiers.

"No, thank you; I think I shall rest for a time."

"Get in here. We need you."

"But I am Colonel Albert Pope ——"

"Get in here. You are too valuable a man to lose." And they tumbled the dignified Colonel into an automobile, took him to a garage, and made him work two days, fixing automobiles, before he got word to his friend, General Funston, who then came and rescued him.

By Two-Mule Power

E. J. DEAN, of Kansas City, and a party of friends went over an embankment in an automobile a while ago.

Nobody was hurt, and the immediate problem was how to get the machine back. A man came along in a runabout.

"How much power have you?" asked Dean.

"Forty horse-power," said the runabout owner proudly.

"Hitch on, and pull this machine up on the road."

The runabout was hitched on and started full speed ahead. It did not budge the bigger machine in the ditch.

A farmer, driving a pair of sleek mules, came along. He watched the efforts of the little machine. "Huh," he said; "you fellows need mules." And he hitched on and pulled the machine up in two minutes.

A Love Feast

Her lips were red, ripe cherries,
Her cheeks were peaches fair,
Her brow a dream of purest cream,
And carrot was her hair.
She was the apple of his eye,
His honey, fond and sweet;
No wonder he was sure that she
Was "good enough to eat." —*N. W.*

He Fell Slow

JIM HANCE, the Baron Munchausen of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, was sitting on the porch of the El Tovar one day, retailing his marvelous adventures to a party of gaping tourists. Jim has lived on the rim of the cañon for nearly half a century.

"Yessum," he said to an inquiring lady, "I can shorely say them trails down to the bottom of the cañon is dangerous. Of course, they've got them fixed up in these days, so it is comparatively safe, but, when I began to go down, I took my life in my hand every time. It is plumb nervous to be ridin' along the edge of one of them gorges an' lookin' down three thousand feet below to nothin' but jagged rocks."

"Oh, Mr. Hance," broke in a sweet young thing, "did you ever fall over?"

"Once," Hance replied—"only once. It was this way: I was ridin' along by a chasm four thousand feet deep. My mule was an old circus mule, and I, careless-like, began to whistle Turkey in the Straw. You see, that mule had been trained to dance in the circus to that tune, and she began to dance right there on the edge. The nat'ral result was that we both went over the edge, plumb down four thousand feet to the sharp and cruel rocks."

"How did you escape?"

"Oh," replied Hance nonchalantly, "I kept my wits about me. When we was about twenty-five feet from the bottom, after fallin' 3975 feet, I picked out a nice, smooth spot and jumped off the mule. I landed on my feet, safe and sound."

"But the mule?"

"Oh, the mule! Why, I gathered up what was left of the mule and put it in my lunch-basket and gave it a Christian burial."

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Next Issue

A Clear Field

By Mary Stewart Cutting

He was a care-free young man when he started from New York for the country, but, though his eyes had never seriously troubled him, he had to wear glasses continuously, so that he considered himself lucky to be near an optician's shop when he broke them. The new pair were made at short notice, and then Johnson went to his merry-making and his love-making, only to discover that he must be threatened with blindness. That is the complication upon which Mrs. Cutting bases this two-part story, the first portion of which we will publish next week. Its author has never written a better.

From the Reef

By Edwin Balmer

Character-study by "wireless"—a tremendous drama enacted through the leagues of night, across a stormy sea, intense emotions transmitted through the snapping flashes of electricity—could any other age than ours produce such a situation? That Mr. Balmer makes the most of it there can be no doubt in the minds of our thousands of readers who were charmed with his novelette, By Wireless.

The Call of the Vine and the Fig Tree

By Jacques Futrelle

"Say, Beau, I guess it'd be pretty punk to go home every night, weary an' exhausted from usin' a lead-pipe on the bookies, an' have Tootsie-Wootsie meet you at the front door with a kiss. Seems to me it'd be just fairly rotten to find your slippers waitin' so you could sit down and warm your kicks by the open plumbin' preliminary to drawin' up to a moderate repast o' hummin'-bird tongue an' onions. An' after the nuts you'd light your cigar an' put your feet on the mantel, while Tootsie'd read you a couple o' yards o' poetry, an' you'd both get good an' mushy. Wow! wow! I guess that wouldn't be goin' some? Huh?"

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Stage Conditions in America

Acting as an Art and Acting as a Business

By WILLIAM WINTER

CENSURE of the stage has usually taken the form of censure of the actor, and that censure has been supplied, in copious abundance, by many persons and in many ways. The story of the rise of the actor to a position, first of respectability and then of honorable eminence, is a pathetic story of long contention against religious, political and social hostility, involving poverty, ignominy, misery and shame. That story—not essential to be rehearsed—is told in the records of the church, in the legislation of states, both European and American, and in the memoirs of individual players—men and women of the theatre who, by force of character, charm of genius and brilliancy of achievement, have stemmed a tide of rancorous opposition and risen above the level of the commonplace. In the present epoch the stage is a recognized profession—as much so as the press, the pulpit or the bar—yet, even now, its votaries endure social disabilities and a stigma of prejudice; while now, as always, the actor is a theme of universal criticism. "Every man, every woman and every child" (to borrow Doctor Johnson's comprehensive phrase), however ill-informed as to other subjects, assumes absolute knowledge of acting, and does not, for an instant, hesitate to instruct the actor, fulminating against him equally for what is done in the theatre and for what is left undone, and liberally furnishing precept for his government.

It is undeniable that the condition of the American stage, at present, is unsatisfactory to persons who possess judgment, knowledge and taste. Many theatres exist, in many cities, all over the land; but only a few of them are worthy of the serious attention of the better class of the community—meaning the educated, cultivated audience. The pendulum—which is always swinging—has, just now, swung backward. The character of the theatre has deteriorated, and there has been a corresponding deterioration in the character of its followers. This is not said in the spirit of the praiser of a time that is past. According to that observer, the stage, ever since it existed, has been in a state of decline. Thus, the old poet, Ben Jonson, in 1611, five years before the death of Shakespeare, referred to the times then passing as "jig-given times": thus, Colley Cibber, writing in 1739, reminded his readers that there was a time when the stage "subsisted upon its rational labors, and was not lowered to the taste of the common spectator": thus, the disreputable, but venomously expert, Anthony Pasquin, writing about theatrical conditions in 1791, declared that "this is an age which blissfully receives dross for bullion and extravagance for truth": and thus, in 1845, James Rees, an American commentator, described the stage as a wreck, overwhelmed with "gloom and eternal night." So it has ever been. To the *laudator temporis acti* the roses of yesterday are sweeter than the roses of to-day, the sunshine brighter, the breeze softer, and, altogether, the world a better world than it is now or ever will be again. Each successive period in stage history has its veterans of a former period, who, strong in conviction that "all the good actors are dead," extol the vanished glories of "the palmy days."

The Low Ebb of the Tide of Acting

THAT is a natural view of the subject for an old and weary observer to take; but it is not an entirely rational one. With the stage, as with everything else, the tide rises and the tide falls. History shows that the movements of nations have been like the movements of the waves. There are thinkers, in this epoch, who believe that the great Republic of America is repeating, more or less exactly, the experience of the great Republic of Rome. It is certain that, in the development of the arts and the adjustment of them to society, there have been alternate periods of rise and fall. In some of those arts—namely, sculpture, architecture, branches of painting and English dramatic poetry—the supreme height of achievement was reached long ago; and now, although the tide continues to rise and to fall, it never rises as high as it once did. The English dramatic poetry of the time of Elizabeth and James I, which is the best dramatic poetry ever written, has never been equaled. There is also some reason to think that, in the art of acting, the tide reached its highest flood in the better days of Edwin Booth and Henry Irving, and that it will not again reach so high a mark. This, however, is not said in the spirit of the rueful veteran who can see no good in the present day. The immediate point is that the present day happens to be a day of theatrical decline. There has not been a time in the history of the American stage when the theatre received so much attention as it receives now, from the public and the press, and there has not been a time when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste. That condition is due to many causes, but the actor is not to blame; and it ought to be declared, with emphasis, that condemnation of the actor for the defects of the contemporary theatre is unjust.

In the Clutches of the Money-Grubber

WHAT are the causes that have produced this deplorable effect? The major causes are the prevalence of materialism, infecting all branches of thought; and of commercialism, infecting all branches of action. The public is not blameless, because public opinion and sentiment—meaning the general condition and attitude of the public mind—react upon those who address the public. The theatrical audience of this period is largely composed of vulgarians, who know nothing about art or literature and who care for nothing but the solace of their common tastes and animal appetites: on that point observation of the faces and manners of the multitude would satisfy any thoughtful observer; and, because the audience is largely of this character, the theatre has become precisely what it might have been expected to become when dependent on such patronage. It has passed from the hands that ought to control it—the hands either of actors who love and honor their art, or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and its needs—and, almost entirely, it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grubbing tradesmen, who have degraded it. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States speculators have captured the industry that they call "the Amusement Business" and have made "a Corner in Theatricals."

A "department-store" administration of the theatre, dispensing dramatic performances precisely as venders dispense vegetables, must, necessarily, vulgarize the vocation of the actor, dispelling its glamour of romance and making it mechanical and common. In the old theatrical days the actor, no doubt, sometimes had reason to feel that, more or less, he was "tolerated" by "the gentry"; but that posture of folly he could despise. In the new theatrical day he knows that his art is peddled, and, in the knowledge that he is treated as a commodity, there is a sense of humiliation that breeds indifference. Some of the acting now visible is, for that reason, about as interesting as the sawing of wood. The minor miseries of the actor's lot are, likewise, to be taken into account. Those were always numerous; they were always impediments to good acting, and they continue to be so; nor does the public make any allowance for them. The boast of the contemporary manager is the opulent total of his receipts. His favorite announcement declares that "Money talks." So it does; but generally it talks of avarice, sometimes of rapacious tyranny, nearly always of parsimony. Much money is expended on the front of

the house and on productions of plays, but very little is spent for the comfort of the actor or in order to provide for him the facilities that would save his strength, simplify his labors, and greatly expedite him in the accomplishment of his professional effects. There is scarcely a theatre in the United States that contains a sufficient number of dressing-rooms to accommodate a reasonably numerous theatrical company. Each performer should have a separate dressing-room: that is a matter of imperative necessity as well as of decency; yet, in many of the theatres, two, three or four persons, usually nervous and sometimes unfriendly to one another, must occupy one small room, and in that room must prepare themselves for a performance—under circumstances that make the essential composure impossible. Furthermore, few dressing-rooms are properly furnished, and there is no theatre in the country in which the dressing-rooms are equipped, as they should be, with a complete set of lights of various colors, such as are used on the stage. Persons who frequently attend the theatre must have noticed the horrible facial aspect of many performers during scenes that are played in "moonlight." That effect is resultant from a change of lights—especially when greens and blues are turned on—a change which, of course, affects the colors that have been used in making-up the face. If the actor, having only a white or a yellow light in his dressing-room, cannot make up his face so that the effect will, at least, approximate to Nature under all changes of color in the lighting of the stage, his appearance will be somewhat like that of a hobgoblin—for his countenance will appear streaked with purple, white and ghastly blue, resembling no human visage that was ever seen outside of a theatre.

In most of the theatres the greenroom has been abolished, and so has the call-boy. The actor, now, must either remain in his dressing-room and run the risk of being late for his entrance, or he must stand at the wings, or wander about the coulisses, waiting for his cue, and thus, by his superfluous presence and his movements, annoy his associates who are actually on the scene. Chairs would be obstructive in the coulisses, and few of them are allowed there, and, therefore, the waiting actor, if he would rest, must perch on a casual article of furniture, or a trunk, or a piece of scenery.

When Stage-Hands Rule

THE "stage-hands"—that is to say, the scene-shifters, etc.,—under the arbitrary rule of the trades unions, practically own the stage. In the larger and more important theatres those myrmidons frequently will not obey the orders of the stage-manager or a principal actor who may happen to wish that something should be changed in the mechanical arrangement of a set, but will heed only the commands of the heads of special mechanical departments—the stage-carpenter, the electrician, the property-man.

Richard Mansfield once mentioned to me an illustrative instance of that impudent tyranny. A light-man in the fly-gallery had, several times, at rehearsal, misdirected his calcium light, and the actor, at last, called to him impatiently: "Here, here! not over there—not on that side!" "My manager, Stevens," he said, "was standing beside me, and he whispered: 'Don't speak to him like that, or he'll leave the theatre'; so I took off my hat, held it across my bosom, bowed, and very humbly added, '*If* you do not object.'"

In the course of a performance of Leah Kleschna, by Mrs. Fiske, I happened to be on the stage during the pivotal scene in the second act—that of the attempted robbery—and, at its crisis, one of the tobacco-chewing stage-hands, leaning from his perch on a property-box, in order to expectorate on the floor, knocked over three or four long stage-braces that were beside him, making a resounding racket, and, of course, spoiling the dramatic situation—to him of no more consequence than a fly. One of the chief nuisances of the theatre is the conduct of those "sons of Martha"—so touchingly celebrated, of late, by the melodious Mr. Kipling.

The conduct of the theatrical audience is often as unseemly in character and as disastrous in effect as that of the insolent artisans. Indeed, almost as a custom, the theatrical audience is either inconsiderate of the actor or contemptuous of him—for, as a rule, its sole quest is "amusement," and its primary thought is of itself, and not of those who minister to its mental welfare. Actors—if, indeed, they be actors, and not clods—are persons of extremely sensitive, nervous organization, a fact that the audience seldom or never considers; and yet that fact is something which, for its own good, an audience ought especially to remember; since the audience is a part of all that is done and said in a theatre, and since the only approximately perfect dramatic representation ever feasible is that which is accomplished when actors and auditors are in complete sympathy and accordance, all contributing to one desired and enjoyed result. No actor can do justice to his part, himself or his audience when his attention is distracted, his temper ruffled and his sensibility wounded by incivility; by the swish, swish, swish of whispering, indifferent spectators; the slamming of seats, the creaking of doors, the ostentatious parade and noisy bustle of fashionable females, arriving late and divesting themselves of their evening wraps, as they throng into the boxes and indolently, and often superciliously, place themselves on exhibition. It is easy to understand what would happen to the music if a bystander were to seize the conductor's arm, in the middle of an orchestral performance; yet the actor, a far more sensitive and tremulous instrument than the violin, is subjected to precisely that kind of treatment.

When the Stage-Manager Mismanages

BUT a more distressful affliction that the actor has to endure, under the style of theatrical administration now prevalent, is arbitrary interference with his acting, the restriction of his initiative, the repression of his intelligence and the distortion of his art, by Jacks in office. Indeed, the best of contemporary stage-managers, as a custom, interfere altogether too much with actors, and are far too lavish with what they call "instruction." In an earlier period of stage history the office of stage-manager was esteemed one of great importance, and it was customarily allotted to an *actor* of competent ability and large experience—such an actor, for example, as William Lewis, in England, or Thomas Barry, in America. Those persons were masters of every detail of their profession, and also they were gentlemen. William Lewis was, for many years, stage-manager at Drury Lane, and it is recorded that, even when he had to convey displeasure, there was a kindness and pleasantry in his manner that deprived censure of all offense. In our time the direction of the stage is commonly assumed, not by old, competent, experienced actors, but by some popinjay who calls himself a "producer," and whose whole stock-in-trade consists of an owlish assumption of wisdom, a mischievous celerity in interposing frivolous objections, and an exasperating demeanor of peacock authority.

One of the favorite methods of that creature of humbug is to watch the old actors at rehearsal, as they work up a scene with "business" of which he, "the producer," is absolutely ignorant, until, just before they reach a climax and he is able to discern the coming effect, he can suddenly interrupt them and instruct them to do precisely what it has become evident that they intended to do: in that way he often contrives to gain credit with his employer—the speculator who "runs" the theatre for "what there is in it for me," and who is more ignorant than himself of all that relates to acting. The usual "producer" is a fungus of modern growth—a prig, who crams himself by consulting a cyclopædia, and who thrives by hoodwinking some confiding female star, or some one of the many fat-witted tradesmen now, for the most part, possessors of the American theatre.

This theme involves the whole system of "expression," as it is commonly called, and, of course, there are widely diversified views upon it. For example, one of the ablest, most brilliant and most successful of contemporary playwrights, a dramatic leader who, whether as dramatist or stage-director, has accomplished much and gained valuable distinction, not long ago emerged into print with some of the most singular declarations on the subject of acting that have emanated from an experienced authority. Those declarations aver, in substance, that "acting is not an exact science"; that "we cannot say, in acting, 'two and two make four'"; that when he, the manager, finds an actor whom he deems suitable to act a certain part, he knows that he *is* suitable, but he cannot say *why* he knows it; that, having engaged an actor, he talks to him in a manner "to instruct and interest him"; that, on the one hand, it is sometimes necessary to say to an actor: "You walk across the stage like a hog going to a snail's funeral"; while, on the other hand, the necessity sometimes occurs to "talk to a sensitive, half-hysterical girl as a lover talks to the woman he is wooing"; that "the definite thing, in acting, is the *heart*, the capacity to feel"; that in an actor "intelligence is desirable, but secondary"; that "the merely brainy (*sic*) actor is never a great actor"; and that "the heart is greater than the brain."

Such statements, coming from such an authoritative source, are astounding. If acting is not an *exact* science, or an *exact art*, what is it? The first essential of a dramatic performance is foreknowledge—purpose—plan. Nothing, not even the slightest detail, can safely be left unconsidered. A sudden inspiration may come to an actor, and, if he is able to make use of it to help and not to hurt his design, so much the better; but inspiration can neither be presumed nor implicitly trusted. The basis of acting, whether great or small, is study, thought, design. No actor was ever successful who did not know beforehand exactly what he meant to do, exactly why he meant to do it, exactly when he meant to do it, exactly how he meant to do it, and who, above all, was not possessed of the ability to make practical use of that knowledge. John Philip Kemble, according to the best historical testimony, was one of the greatest actors that ever lived, but he was the most scientific of artists. "In the preparation of his effects," says his thoughtful and precise biographer, Boaden, "he left nothing whatever to chance."

Preordained Performances

THERE is no art more exact than the art of acting. Three impersonations, still within the public remembrance, can be cited in proof—Richelieu, by Edwin Booth; Rip Van Winkle, by Joseph Jefferson; and Matthias, by Henry Irving. Those men were undeniably great actors. Each of them had a distinct, characteristic method; but in one attribute, their methods were identical—namely, the attribute of definite design. There was not a tone, a glance, a gesture, a detail of any kind, in either of those performances that had not been preordained. The assumption might vary a little on different occasions, but that was only because no man can, at all times, retain inflexible control of himself. There was never an intended variation.

No person, even though possessed of a feminine temperament and feminine intuition, can *know* that another person is suitable, or unsuitable, to act, if he does not know *why* he knows it. There is a reason, somewhere, for everything, and, as a rule, it is not darkly hidden. The manner in which "a hog" walks when "going to a snail's funeral" must be left to the imagination; but it would seem to the uninitiated observer that a man who, under any circumstances, whether funereal or festive, walks like a hog should not be employed as an actor. Also it would seem sensible that a stage-manager, on finding one of the female performers to be "a sensitive, half-hysterical girl," should either send her to her home or call a doctor, and, anyway, should then employ an actress, rather than address the sufferer "as a lover talks to the woman he is wooing." Valerian or ammonia, in such cases, is more salutary than sentiment.

Capability of feeling is, of course, essential to an actor: that must be taken for granted; and, meanwhile, talk about the "heart" always has a plausible sound; but there could not be a more erroneous doctrine than is implied in the notion that the heart is the main thing, in acting, and more important than the head. The "definite thing" in acting is *the faculty to act*—a faculty which includes imagination, comprehension of human nature, command of all the means of expression, skill to *impersonate*, and power to move an audience through the feelings and the mind. It is immaterial whether, while giving the performance, an actor feels or does not feel, so long as he makes his audience feel; and the testimony of the greatest of actors explicitly declares, as the lesson of experience, that you cannot make your audience feel unless you hold your own feelings in perfect control. Ungoverned emotion impairs expression, disappoints design and destroys effect. The actor may riot in sensibility, if such be his temperament, but the brain must remain imperial and supreme over all his emotions.

It is recorded of Garrick that when he was acting King Lear, and his auditors were convulsed with a passion of tears, he would walk up the stage and speak, aside, to the Fool, saying with a chuckle, "This is stage feeling." That charming actress of long ago, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, has recorded that once, at Liverpool, when she was acting Mrs. Haller—Mr. Morehouse being the Stranger—as they reached the climax of the most pathetic scene in that domestic drama of love and sorrow the afflicted Stranger, observing the audience to be dissolved in tears, softly whispered to her: "They are sending 'round umbrellas in

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HIS OWN PEOPLE

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

V

THE four friends of Madame de Vaurigard were borne to her apartment from the Magnifique in Cooley's big car. They sailed triumphantly down and up the hills in a cool and bracing air, under a moon that shone as brightly for them as it had for Cæsar, and Mellin's soul was buoyant within him. He thought of Cranston and laughed aloud. What would Cranston say if it could see him in a sixty-horse touring-car, with two millionaires and an English diplomat, brother of an earl, and all on the way to dine with a countess? If Mary Kramer could see him! . . . Poor Mary Kramer! Poor little Mary Kramer!

Sneyd

A man-servant took their coats in Madame de Vaurigard's hall, where they could hear through the curtains the sound of one or two voices in cheerful conversation.

Sneyd held up his hand.

"Listen," he said. "Shawly, that isn't Lady Mount-Rhyswicke's voice! She couldn't be in Reom—always at Rhyswicke Caws'l for Decembah. By Jev, it is!"

"Nothin' of the kind," said Pedlow. "I know Lady Mount-Rhyswicke as well as I know you. I started her father in business when he was clerkin' behind a counter in Liverpool. I give him the money to begin on. 'Make good,' says I, 'that's all. Make good!' And he done it, too. Educated his daughter fit fer a princess, married her to Mount-Rhyswicke, and when he died left her ten million dollars if he left her a cent! I know Madge Mount-Rhyswicke and that ain't her voice."

A peal of silvery laughter rang from the other side of the curtain.

"They've heard you," said Cooley.

"An' who could help it?" Madame de Vaurigard herself threw back the curtains. "Who could help hear our great, dear, ole lion? How he roar'!"

She wore a white velvet "princesse" gown of a fashion which was a shade less than what is called "daring," with a diamond star in her dark hair. Standing with one arm uplifted to the curtains, and with the mellow glow of candles and firelight behind her, she was so lovely that both Mellin and Cooley stood breathlessly still until she changed her attitude. This she did only to move toward them, extending a hand to each, letting Cooley seize the right and Mellin the left.

Each of them was pleased with what he got, particularly Mellin. "The left is nearer the heart," he thought.

She led them through the curtains, not withdrawing her hands until they entered the salon. She might have led them out of her fifth-story window in that fashion, had she chosen.

"My two wicked boys!" she laughed tenderly.

This also pleased both of them, though each would have preferred to be her only wicked boy—a preference which, perhaps, had something to do with the later events of the evening.

"Aha! I know you both; before twenty minute' you will be makin' love to Lady Mount-Rhyswicke. Behol' those two already! An' they are only ole frien's."

She pointed to Pedlow and Sneyd. The fat man was shouting at a woman in pink satin, who lounged, half-reclining, among a pile of cushions upon a divan near the fire, Sneyd gallantly bending over her to kiss her hand.

"It is a very little dinner, you see," continued the hostess, "only seven of us, but we shall be seven time' happier."

The seventh person proved to be the Italian, Corni, who had surrendered his seat in Madame de Vaurigard's victoria to Mellin on the Pincio. He presently made his appearance followed by a waiter bearing a tray of glasses filled with a pink liquid, while the Countess led her two wicked boys across the room to present them to Lady Mount-Rhyswicke. Already Mellin was forming sentences for his next letter to the Cranston Telegraph: "Lady Mount-Rhyswicke said to me the other evening, while discussing the foreign policy of Great Britain, in Comtesse de Vaurigard's salon . . ." "An English peeress of pronounced literary acumen has been giving me rather confidentially her opinion of our American poets. . . ."

The inspiration of these promising fragments was a large, weary-looking person, with no lack of powdered shoulder above her pink bodice and a profusion of "undulated" hair of so decided a blond that it might have been suspected that the decision had lain with the lady herself.

"Howjdo," she said languidly, when Mellin's name was pronounced to her. "There's a man behind you tryin' to give you something to drink."

"Who was it said these were Martinis?" snorted Pedlow. "They've got perfumery in 'em."

"Ah, what a bad lion it is!" Madame de Vaurigard lifted both hands in mock horror. "Roar, lion, roar!" she cried. "An' think of the emotion of our good Cavalière Corni, who have come an hour early jus' to make them for us! I ask Monsieur Mellin if it is not good."

"And I'll leave it to Cooley," said Pedlow. "If he can drink all of his I'll eat crow!"

Thus challenged, the two young men smilingly accepted glasses from the waiter, and lifted them on high.

"Same toast," said Cooley. "Queen!"

"*A la belle Marquise!*"

Gallantly they drained the glasses at a gulp, and Madame de Vaurigard clapped her hands.

"Bravo!" she cried. "You see? Corni and I, we win."

"Look at their faces!" said Mr. Pedlow, tactlessly drawing attention to what was, for the moment, an undeniably painful sight. "Don't tell *me* an Italian knows how to make a good Martini!"

Mellin profoundly agreed, but, as he joined the small procession to the Countess' dinner-table, he was certain that an Italian at least knew how to make a strong one.

The light in the dining-room was provided by six heavily-shaded candles on the table; the latter decorated with delicate lines of orchids. The chairs were large and comfortable, covered with tapestry; the glass was old Venetian, and the servants, moving like useful ghosts in the shadow outside the circle of mellow light, were particularly efficient in the matter of keeping the wine-glasses full. Madame de Vaurigard had put Pedlow on her right, Cooley on her left, with Mellin directly opposite her, next to Lady Mount-Rhyswicke. Mellin was pleased, because he thought he would have the Countess's face toward him. Anything pleased him just then.

"This is the kind of table *everybody* ought to have," he observed to the party in general, as he finished his first glass of champagne. "I'm going to have it like this at my place in the States—if I ever decide to go back. I'll have six separate candlesticks like these, not a candelabrum, and that will be the only light in the room. And I'll never have anything but orchids on my table ——"

"For my part," Lady Mount-Rhyswicke interrupted in the loud, tired monotone which seemed to be her only manner of speaking, "I like more light. I like all the light that's goin'."

"If Lady Mount-Rhyswicke sat at *my* table," returned Mellin dashingly, "I should wish all the light in the world to shine upon so happy an event."

"Hear the man!" she drawled. "He's proposin' to me. Thinks I'm a widow."

There was a chorus of laughter, over which rose the bellow of Mr. Pedlow.

"'He's game!' she says—and *ain't* he?"

Across the table Madame de Vaurigard's eyes met Mellin's with a mocking intelligence so complete that he caught her message without need of the words she noiselessly formed with her lips: "I tol' you you would be makin' love to her!"

He laughed joyously in answer. Why shouldn't he flirt with Lady Mount-Rhyswicke? He was thoroughly happy; his Héléne, his *belle Marquise*, sat across the table from him sending messages to him with her eyes. He adored her, but he liked Lady Mount-Rhyswicke—he liked everybody and everything in the world. He liked Pedlow particularly, and it no longer troubled him that the fat man should be a friend of Madame de Vaurigard. Pedlow was a "character" and a wit as well. Mellin laughed heartily at everything the Honorable Chandler Pedlow said.

"This is life," remarked Mellin to his fair neighbor.

"What is? Sittin' round a table, eatin' and drinkin'?"

"Ah, lovely skeptic!" She looked at him strangely, but he continued with growing enthusiasm. "I mean to sit at such a table as this, with such a *chef*, with such wines—to know one crowded hour like this is to live! Not a thing is missing: all this swagger furniture, the rich atmosphere of smartness about the whole place; best of all, the company. It's a great thing to have the *real* people around you—the right sort, you know, socially: people you'd ask to your own table at home. There are only seven, but every one *distingué*, every one ——"

She leaned both elbows on the table with her hands palm to palm, and, resting her cheek against the back of her left hand, looked at him steadily.

"And you—are you distinguished, too?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be much known over *here*," he said modestly.

"Do you write poetry?"

"Oh, not professionally, though it is published. I suppose"—he sipped his champagne with his head a little to one side as though judging its quality—"I suppose I've been more or less a dilettante. I've knocked about the world a good bit."

"Héléne says you're one of these leisure American billionaires like Mr. Cooley there," she said in her tired voice.

"Oh, none of us are really quite billionaires." He laughed deprecatingly.

"No, I suppose not—not really. Go on and tell me some more about life and this distinguished company."

"Hey, folks!" Mr. Pedlow's roar broke in upon this dialogue. "You two are gettin' mighty thick over there. We're drinkin' a toast, and you'll have to break away long enough to join in."

"Queen! That's what she is!" shouted Cooley.

Mellin lifted his glass with the others and drank to Madame de Vaurigard, but the woman at his side did not change her attitude and continued to sit with her elbows on the table, her cheek on her hand, watching him thoughtfully.

Mellin

VI

MANY toasts were uproariously honored, the health of each member of the party in turn, then the country of each: France and England first, out of courtesy to the ladies, Italy next, since this beautiful and extraordinary meeting of distinguished people (as Mellin remarked in a short speech he felt called upon to make) took place in that wonderful land; then the United States. This last toast the gentlemen felt it necessary to honor by standing in their chairs. [Song: The Star-spangled Banner—without words—by Mr. Cooley and chorus.]

When the cigars were brought the ladies graciously remained.

Through the haze of smoke, in the gentle light (which seemed to grow softer and softer), Mellin saw the face of Héléne de Vaurigard, luminous as an angel's. She *was* an angel—and the others were gods. What could be more appropriate in Rome? Lady Mount-Rhyswicke was Juno, but more beautiful. For himself, he felt like a god, too, Olympic in serenity.

He longed for mysterious dangers. How debonair he would stroll among them! He wished to explore the unknown; felt the need of a splendid adventure, and had a happy premonition that one was coming nearer and nearer. He favored himself with a hopeful vision of the apartment on fire, himself smiling negligently among the flames and Madame de Vaurigard kneeling before him in adoration. Immersed in delight, he puffed his cigar and let his eyes rest dreamily upon the face of Héléne. He was quite undisturbed by an argument, more a commotion than a debate, between Mr. Pedlow and young Cooley. It ended by their rising, the latter overturning a chair in his great haste.

"I don't know the rudiments, don't I?" cried the boy. "You wait! Ole Sneydie and I'll trim you down! Corni says he'll play, too. Come on, Mellin."

"I won't go unless Héléne goes," said Mellin. "What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Alas, my frien'!" exclaimed Madame de Vaurigard, rising, "is it not what I tol' you? Always you are never content wizout your play. You come to dinner an' when it is finish' you play, play, play!"

"*Play?*" He sprang to his feet. "Bravo! That's the very thing I've been wanting to do. I knew there was something I wanted to do, but I couldn't think what it was."

Lady Mount-Rhyswicke followed the others into the salon, but Madame de Vaurigard waited just inside the doorway for Mellin.

"*High* play!" he cried. "We must play high! I won't play any other way—I want to play *high!*"

"Ah, wicked one! What did I tell you?"

He caught her hand. "And you must play too, Héléne."

"No, no," she laughed breathlessly.

"Then you'll watch. Promise you'll watch me. I won't let you go till you promise to watch me."

"I shall adore it, my frien'!"

"Mellin," called Cooley from the other room. "You comin' or not?"

"Can't you see me?" answered Mellin hilariously, entering with Madame de Vaurigard, who was rosy with laughter. "Peculiar thing to look at a man and not see him."

Candles were lit in many sconces on the walls, and the card-table had been pushed to the centre of the room, little towers of blue, white and scarlet counters arranged upon it in orderly rows like miniature castles.

"Now then," demanded Cooley, "are the ladies goin' to play?"

"Never!" cried Madame de Vaurigard.

"All right," said the youth cheerfully; "you can look on. Come and sit by me for a mascot."

"You'll need a mascot, my boy!" shouted Pedlow. "That's right, though; take her."

He pushed a chair close to that in which Cooley had already seated himself, and Madame de Vaurigard dropped into it, laughing. "Mellin, you set there," he continued, pushing the young man into a seat opposite Cooley. "We'll give both you young fellers a mascot." He turned to Lady Mount-Rhyswicke, who had gone to the settee by the fire. "Madge, you come and set by Mellin," he commanded jovially. "Maybe, he'll forget you ain't a widow again."

"I don't believe I care much about bein' anybody's mascot to-night," she answered. There was a hint of anger in her tired monotone.

"What?" He turned from the table and walked over to the fireplace. "I reckon I didn't understand you," he said quietly, almost gently. "You better come, hadn't you?"

She met his inscrutable little eyes steadily. A faint redness slowly revealed itself on her powdered cheeks; then she followed him back to the table and took the place he had assigned to her at Mellin's elbow.

"I'll bank," said Pedlow, taking a chair between Cooley and the Italian, "unless somebody wants to take it off my hands. Now, what are we playing?"

"Pokah," responded Sneyd with mild sarcasm.

"Bravo!" cried Mellin. "That's *my* game. Ber-*ravo!*"

This was so far true: it was the only game upon which he had ever ventured money; he had played several times when the wagers were allowed to reach a limit of twenty-five cents.

"You know what I mean, I reckon," said Pedlow. "I mean what are we playin' *for?*"

"Twenty-five franc limit," responded Cooley authoritatively. "Double for jacks. Play two hours and settle when we quit."

Mellin leaned back in his chair. "You call that high?" he asked, with a sniff of contempt. "Why not double it?"

The fat man hammered the table with his fist delightedly. "'He's game,' she says. 'He's the gamest little Indian ever come down the big road!' she says. Was she right? What? Maybe she wasn't! We'll double it before very long, my boy; this'll do to start on. There!" He distributed some of the small towers of ivory counters, and made a memorandum in a notebook. "There's four hundred apiece."

"That all?" inquired Mellin, whereupon Mr. Pedlow uproariously repeated Madame de Vaurigard's alleged tribute.

As the game began, the intelligent-looking maid appeared from the dining-room, bearing bottles and soda, and these she distributed upon small tables at the convenience of the players, so that, at the conclusion of the first encounter in the gentle tournament, there was material for a toast to the gallant who had won it.

"Here's to the gamest Indian of us all," proposed the fat man. "Did you notice him call me with a pair of tens? And me queen-high!"

Mellin drained a deep glass in honor of himself. "On my soul, Chan' Pedlow, I think you're the bes' fellow in the whole world," he said gratefully. "Only trouble with you—you don't want to play high enough."

He won again and again, adding other towers of counters to his original allotment, so that he had the semblance of a tiny castle. When the cards had been dealt for the fifth time he felt the light contact of a slipper touching his foot under the table.

That slipper, he decided (from the nature of things) could belong to none other than his Héléne, and even as he came to this conclusion the slight pressure against his foot was gently but distinctly increased thrice. He pressed the slipper in return with his shoe, at the same time giving Madame de Vaurigard a look of grateful surprise and tenderness, which threw her into a confusion so evidently genuine that for an unworthy moment he had a jealous suspicion she had meant the little caress for some other.

It was a disagreeable thought, and, in the hope of banishing it, he refilled his glass; but his mood had begun to change. It seemed to him that Héléne was watching Cooley a great deal too devotedly. Why had she consented to sit by Cooley, when she had promised to watch Robert Russ Mellin? He observed the pair stealthily.

Cooley consulted her in laughing whispers upon every discard, upon every bet. Now and then, in their whisperings, Cooley's hair touched hers; sometimes she laid her hand on his the more conveniently to look at his cards. Mellin began to be enraged. Did she think that puling milksop had as much as a shadow of the daring, the devilry,

Lady Mount-Rhyswicke

the carelessness of consequences which lay within Robert Russ Mellin? Consequences? What were they? There were no such things! She would not look at him—well, he would make her! Thenceforward, he raised every bet by another to the extent of the limit agreed upon.

Mr. Cooley was thoroughly happy. He did not resemble Ulysses; he would never have had himself bound to the mast; and there were already sounds of unearthly sweetness in his ears. His conferences with his lovely hostess easily consoled him for his losses. In addition, he was triumphing over the boaster, for Mr. Pedlow, with a very ill grace and swearing (not under his breath), was losing, too. The Countess, reiterating for the hundredth time that Cooley was a "wicked one," sweetly constituted herself his cup-bearer; kept his glass full and brought him fresh cigars.

Mellin dealt her furious glances, and filled his own glass, for Lady Mount-Rhyswicke plainly had no conception of herself in the rôle of a Hebe. The hospitable Pedlow, observing this neglect, was moved to chide her.

"Look at them two cooing doves over there," he said reproachfully, a jerk of his bulbous thumb indicating Madame de Vaurigard and her young protégé. "Madge, can't you do nothin' fer our friend the Indian? Can't you even help him to sody?"

"Oh, perhaps," she answered with the slightest flash from her tired eyes. Then, she nonchalantly lifted Mellin's replenished glass from the table and drained it. This amused Cooley.

"I like that!" he chuckled. "That's *one* way of helpin' a feller! Héléne, can you do any better than that?"

"Ah, this dear, droll Cooley!"

The tantalizing witch lifted the youth's glass to his lips and let him drink, as a mother helps a thirsty child.

As the lovely Héléne set down the glass Lady Mount-Rhyswicke was leaning forward to replace Mellin's empty glass upon the table.

"I don't care whether you're a widow or not!" he shouted furiously. And he resoundingly kissed her.

There was a wild shout of laughter; even the imperturbable Sneyd (who had continued to win steadily) wiped tears from his eyes, and the lovely Madame de Vaurigard gave way to intermittent hysteria throughout the ensuing half-hour.

For a time, Mellin sat grimly observing this inexplicable merriment with a cold smile.

"Laugh on!" he commanded with bitter satire, some ten minutes after play had been resumed—and was instantly obeyed.

Whereupon his mood underwent another change, and he became convinced that the world was a warm and kindly place, where it was good to live. He forgot that he was jealous of Cooley and angry with the Countess; he liked everybody again, and especially he liked Lady Mount-Rhyswicke.

"Won't you sit farther forward?" he begged her earnestly; "so that I can see your beautiful golden hair?"

He heard but dimly the spasmodic uproar that followed. "Laugh on!" he repeated with a swoop of his arm. "I don't care! Don't you care either, Mrs. Mount-Rhyswicke. Please sit where I can see your beautiful golden hair. Don't be afraid I'll kiss you again. I wouldn't do it for the whole world. You're one of the noblest women I ever knew. I feel that's true. I don't know how I know it, but I know it. Let 'em laugh!"

After this everything grew more and more hazy to him. For a time, there was, in the centre of the haze, a nimbus of light which revealed his cards to him and the towers of chips which he constantly called for and which as constantly disappeared—like the towers of a castle in Spain.

Then the haze thickened, and the one thing clear to him was a phrase from an old-time novel he had read long ago:

"Debt of honor."

The three words appeared to be written in flames against a background of dense fog. A debt of honor was a promissory note which had to be paid on Monday, and the appeal to the obdurate grandfather—a peer of England, the Earl of Mount-Rhyswicke, in fact—was made at midnight, Sunday. The fog grew still denser, lifted for a moment while he wrote his name many times on slips of blue paper; closed down once more, and again lifted—out-of-doors this time—to show him a lunatic ballet of moons dancing streakily upon the horizon.

He heard himself say quite clearly, "All right, old man, thank you; but don't bother about me," to a pallid but humorous Cooley in evening clothes; the fog thickened; oblivion closed upon him for a seeming second. . . .

VII

SUDDENLY he sat up in bed in his room at the Magnifique, gazing upon a disconsolate Cooley in gray tweeds who sat, heaped in a chair, at the foot of the bed with his head in his hands.

Mellin's first sensation was of utter mystification; his second was more corporeal: the consciousness of physical misery, of consuming fever, of aches that ran over his whole body, converging to a dreadful climax in his head, of a throat so immoderately parched it seemed to crackle, and of a thirst so avid it was a passion. His eye fell upon a carafe of water on a chair at his bedside; he seized upon it with a shaking hand and drank half its contents before he set it down. The action attracted his companion's attention and he looked up, showing a pale and haggard countenance.

"How do you feel?" inquired Cooley with a wan smile.

Mellin's head dropped back upon the pillow, and he made one or two painful efforts to speak before he succeeded in finding a ghastly semblance of his voice.

"I thought I was at Madame de Vaurigard's."

"You were," said the other, adding grimly: "We both were."

"But that was only a minute ago."

"It was six hours ago. It's goin' on ten o'clock."

"I don't understand that. How did I get here?"

"I brought you. I was pretty bad, but you —— I never saw anything like you! From the time you kissed Lady Mount-Rhyswicke——"

Mellin sat bolt upright in bed, staring wildly. He began to tremble violently.

"Don't you remember that?" asked Cooley.

Suddenly he did. The memory of it came with inexorable clarity; he crossed forearms over his horror-stricken face and fell back upon the pillow.

"Oh," he gasped. "It is unspeakable! Unspeakable!"

"Don't worry about that! I don't think she minded."

"It's the thought of Madame de Vaurigard—it kills me! The horror of it—that I should do such a thing in her house! She'll never speak to me again; she oughtn't to; she ought to send her groom to beat me! You can't think what I've lost ——"

"Can't I?" Mr. Cooley rose from his chair and began to pace up and down the chamber. "I can guess to within a thousand francs of what *I've* lost! I had to get the hotel to cash a check on New York for me this morning. I've a habit of carrying all my money in bills, and a fool trick, too. Well, I'm cured of it!"

"Oh, if it were only a little *money* and nothing else that I'd lost! The money means nothing." Mellin choked.

"I suppose you're pretty well fixed. Well, so am I," Cooley shook his head, "but money certainly means something to me!"

"It wouldn't if you'd thrown away the most precious friendship of your life."

"See here," said Cooley, halting at the foot of the bed and looking at his stricken companion from beneath frowning brows, "I guess I can see how it is with you, and I'll tell you frankly it's been the same with me. I never met such a fascinating woman in my life: she throws a reg'lar ole-fashioned *spell* over you! Now, I hate to say it, but I can't help it, because it plain hits me in the face every time I think of it; the truth is—well, sir, I'm afraid you and me have had little red soldier-coats and caps put on us and strings tied to our belts while we turned somersets for the children."

"I don't understand. I don't know what you're talking about."

"No? It seems to get more and more simple to me. I've been thinking it all over and over again. I can't *help* it! See here: I met Sneyd on the steamer, without any introduction. He sort of wormed into the game in the smoking-room, and he won straight along on the trip. He called on me in London and took me to meet the Countess at her hotel. We three went to the theatre and lunch and so forth a few times; and when I left for Paris she turned up on the way: that's when you met her. Couple of days later, Sneyd came over, and he and the Countess introduced me to dear ole friend Pedlow. So you see, I don't rightly even know who any of 'em really *are:* just took 'em for granted, as it were. We had lots of fun, I admit that, honkin' about in my car. We only played cards once, and that was in her apartment the last night before I left Paris, but that one time Pedlow won fifteen thousand francs from me. When I told them my plans, how I was goin' to motor down to Rome, she said *she* would be in Rome—and, I tell you, I was happy as a poodle-pup about it. Sneyd said he might be in Rome along about then, and open-hearted ole Pedlow said not to be surprised if *he* turned up, too. Well, he did, almost to the minute, and in the mean time she'd got *you* hooked on, fine and tight."

"I don't understand you." Mellin lifted himself painfully on an elbow. "I don't know what you're getting at, but it seems to me that you're speaking disrespectfully of an angel that I've insulted, and I ——"

"Now, see here, Mellin, I'll tell you something." The boy's white face showed sudden color and there was a catch in his voice. "I was—I've been mighty near in *love* with that woman! But I've had a kind of a shock: I've got my common-sense back, and I'm *not*, any more. I don't know exactly how much money I had, but it was between thirty-five and thirty-eight thousand francs, and Sneyd won it all after we took off the limit—over seven thousand dollars—at her table last night. Putting two and two together, honestly it looks bad. It looks *mighty* bad! Now, I'm pretty well fixed, and yesterday I didn't care whether school kept or not, but seven thousand dollars is real money to anybody! My old man worked pretty hard for his first seven thousand, I guess, and"—he gulped—"he'd think a lot of me for lettin' go of it the way I did last night, *wouldn't* he? You never *see* things like this till the next morning! And you remember that other woman sat where she could see every hand *you* drew, and the Countess ——"

"Stop!" Mellin flung one arm up violently, striking the headboard with his knuckles. "I won't hear a syllable against Madame de Vaurigard!"

Young Cooley regarded him steadily for a moment. "Have you remembered yet," he said slowly, "how much *you* lost last night?"

"I only remember that I behaved like an unspeakable boor in the presence of the divinest creature that ever——"

Cooley disregarded the outburst, and said:

"When we settled, you had a pad of express company checks worth six hundred dollars. You signed all of 'em and turned 'em over to Sneyd with three hundred-lire bills, which was all the cash you had with you. Then you gave him your note for twelve thousand francs to be paid within three days. You made a great deal of fuss about its being a 'debt of honor.'" He paused. "You hadn't remembered that, had you?"

Mellin had closed his eyes. He lay quite still and made no answer.

"No, I'll bet you hadn't!" said Cooley, correctly deducing the fact. "You're well off, or you wouldn't be at this hotel, and, for all I know, you may be fixed so you won't mind your loss as much as I do mine; but it ought to make you kind of charitable toward my suspicions of Madame de Vaurigard's friends."

The six hundred dollars in express company checks and the three hundred-lire bills were all the money the unhappy Mellin had in the world, and, until he could return to Cranston and go back to work in the real-estate office again, he had no prospect of any more. He had not even his steamer ticket. In the shock of horror and despair, he whispered brokenly:

"I don't care if they're the worst people in the world, they're better than I am!"

The other's gloom cleared a little at this. "Well, you *have* got it!" he exclaimed briskly. "You don't know how different you'll feel after a long walk in the open air." He looked at his watch. "I've got to go and see what that newspaper-man, Cornish, wants; it's ten o'clock. I'll be back after a while: I want to reason this out with you. I don't deny but it's possible I'm wrong; anyway, you think it over while I'm gone. You take a good, hard think, will you?"

As he closed the door, Mellin slowly drew the coverlet over his head. It was as if he covered the face of some one who had just died.

"Who Could Help Hear Our Great, Dear, Ole Lion? How He Roar'!"

VIII

TWO hours passed before young Cooley returned. He knocked twice without a reply; then he came in.

The coverlet was still over Mellin's head.

"Asleep?" asked Cooley.

"No."

The coverlet was removed by a shaking hand.

"Murder!" exclaimed Cooley sympathetically, at sight of the other's face. "A night off certainly does things to you! Better let me get you ——"

"No. I'll be all right—after a while."

"Then I'll go right ahead with our little troubles. I've decided to leave for Paris by the one-thirty and haven't got a whole lot of time. Cornish is here with me in the hall: he's got something to say that's important for you to hear, and I'm goin' to bring him right in." He waved his hand toward the door, which he had left open. "Come along, Cornish. Poor ole Mellin'll play Du Barry with us and give us a morning leevy while he listens in a bed with a palanquin to it. Now let's draw up our chairs and be sociable."

The journalist came in, smoking a long cigar, and took the chair the youth pushed toward him; but, after a twinkling glance through his big spectacles at the face on the pillow, he rose and threw the cigar out of the window.

"Go ahead," said Cooley. "I want you to tell him just what you told me, and when you're through I want to see if he doesn't think I'm Sherlock Holmes' little brother."

"If Mr. Mellin does not feel too ill," said Cornish dryly; "I know how painful such cases sometimes ——"

"No." Mellin moistened his parched lips and made a pitiful effort to smile. "I'll be all right very soon."

"I am very sorry," began the journalist, "that I wasn't able to get a few words with Mr. Cooley yesterday evening. Perhaps you noticed that I tried as hard as I could, without using actual force"—he laughed—"to detain him."

"You did your best," agreed Cooley ruefully, "and I did my worst. Nobody ever listens till the next day!"

"Well, I'm glad no vital damage was done, anyway," said Cornish. "It would have been pretty hard lines if you two young fellows had been *poor* men, but as it is you're probably none the worse for a lesson like this."

"You seem to think seven thousand dollars is a joke," remarked Cooley.

Cornish laughed again. "You see, it flatters me to think my time was so valuable that a ten minutes' talk with me would have saved so much money."

"I doubt it," said Cooley. "Ten to one we'd neither of us have believed you—last night!"

"I doubt it, too." Cornish turned to Mellin. "I hear that you, Mr. Mellin, are still of the opinion that you were dealing with straight people?"

Mellin managed to whisper "Yes."

"Then," said Cornish, "I'd better tell you just what I know about it, and you can form your own opinion as to whether I *do* know or not. I have been in the newspaper business on this side for fifteen years, and my headquarters are in Paris, where these people are very well known. The man who calls himself 'Chandler Pedlow' was a faro-dealer for Tom Stout in Chicago when Stout's place was broken up, a good many years ago. There was a real Chandler Pedlow in Congress from a California district in the early nineties, but he is dead. This man's name is Ben Welch: he's a professional swindler; and the Englishman, Sneyd, is another—a quiet man, not so well known as Welch, and not nearly so clever, but a good 'feeder' for him. The very attractive Frenchwoman who calls herself 'Comtesse de Vaurigard' is generally believed to be Sneyd's wife,

(Continued on Page 21)

Where We Go to be Amused

Newport—The Mecca of Society

By Samuel G. Blythe

A PARTY of enterprising foreigners from the North dropped into Newport a few centuries ago, before any of our oldest and most select New England ancestors got into commission, and built a stone tower. It is there yet, and nobody knows to what uses it was put. Some good guessers have called it a mill, but the architect neglected to send a paragraph to the local papers, and it might just as well have been a stand for the Saturday night concerts of the Leif Ericson Silver Cornet Band as anything else, a lockup for unruly Vikings, a bridge-whist parlor or a water tank for the Nordland and Norsky Railway, which Mr. Ericson undoubtedly floated soon after his arrival. Anyhow, the first Newporter found it, and the casual visitor of these days can gaze at it through the iron fence as long as he likes, but it is against the rules to get any closer.

Although it is unlikely the Skoal Brothers, who built it, had any such idea in mind, the structure typifies Newport exactly. It is unique, and so is Newport, and the casual visitor is at liberty to gaze at Newport, through the iron fences, but that is as far as he can go. Newport is a Social Trust. The people who live "up on the hill" have reduced exclusiveness to a science. Wealth and Position, those celebrated twins we read so much about, determine eligibility. If you are so unfortunate as to have only wealth in your family you may batter your way in after a time and accomplish position. If you have position and not wealth, they will sentimentally tolerate you, for that is part of the ritual. The real ones have both wealth and position in their quivers, and like to think that wealth has nothing to do with the general scheme; but when a millionaire who dates from Castle Garden not earlier than 1847 flashes up and gives the high dollar-sign they will eat his dinners and allow him gradually to acquire merit, provided his dinners continue to be good.

There are two Newports, Newport proper, and Newport imp—— no; that would not be nice—Newport, the city, and Newport, the colony. The city is a congestion of about twenty thousand people who live on the colony that burgeons in the early summer and fades in the early fall. The only industry in Newport, aside from the catching of a few fish by some Greeks, is to cater to the summer visitors, to get all that can be had in the few weeks of the season and to squeeze back into the shell for the rest of the time and live on one another, which practice has developed great skill among the inhabitants in the gentle art of acquiring what your neighbor has without giving the neighbor anything in return. After a winter of this sort of thing the resident Newporters are so voracious that they watch each returning automobile with famished eyes and welcome with cheers each procession of canvassed carriages through the Square to the palatial stables of the visitors. The tradesmen polish their windows, the liverymen curry their horses, the merry villagers dance around the statue of Commodore Perry, and all is joy, for the meal tickets have returned.

Every resident of Newport understands the line of cleavage. It is only the outsiders who make trouble and get roundly snubbed for attempting to become part and parcel. The Newport citizens are there to extract as much wealth from the summer colony as they can, and they are as obsequious about it as an English draper. They never make the mistake of trying to put themselves on a plane with the cottagers. They are too wise. All they do is to squeeze from the cottagers to the last drop, and then fall back on a long winter of wailing if the season is bad, or of concealing from one another how much they got if the season has been good. Far be it from any Newport citizen to think of joining

Newporters are Always Bored

with the cottagers in any of their diversions. They know their places. They respect their source of income. "Indeed, yes," said one of them, "I know John Jacob Astor very well. I was standing on the corner of Thames Street and the Square, and he came along and asked me a question. I answered him respectfully and he said: 'Thank you, my good man,' and gave me a cigar. I have never smoked it. I have it yet."

It makes one feel like running down the Long Wharf and jumping madly into the sea to watch this continual pulling of forelocks; but, probably, the residents cannot help it. They have to live, and the only money that comes into the town is freighted in by the other half of Newport, the cottagers, who idle there for a few weeks and expect just what they get—the kotows of the people, with whom they leave whatever is necessary.

So much for the real Newporters, the continuous-performance ones. The others make up the Social Trust. The touring outsider who goes to Newport thinking to find a pleasant spot for a few days by the seashore, where he can join in the life of the place, is doomed to a frightful disappointment. The cottagers do not want outsiders. They deprecate visitors, except of their own kind. They have built walls around themselves and put up signs, "Private—Keep Off," until about all the visitor can do is to drop in, hire a carriage and ride around the Ocean Drive and listen to the driver drone: "This cottage belongs to William H. Vanderbilt, and the cottage on the other side——" and so on interminably, varying the catalogue from time to time with the details of the latest divorce or the most recent scandal. That done, he can have a peep at the outside of the Casino, walk past the Reading Room, explore an ancient church or two, and take the boat for some more hospitable haven.

There was a big hotel, but that burned and was not rebuilt. Another hotel that was well known has recently closed. There are two or three hotels left; but, when the beauties and advantages of Newport are considered, the accommodations for visitors seem ridiculously inadequate. They are not, though. There are plenty of rooms for all who apply. The Social Trust has impressed itself so firmly on Newport that outsiders do not come much, and those who do come get away as soon as may be. Of course, it is possible to rent a cottage, and many people do; but, unless those people belong to the Trust, they are simply in Newport, and not of it, during their stay.

The Social Trust has no interest in anybody outside its own circle. It is self-sufficient to a degree that amazes when one thinks of the monotony of the material that makes it up. So far as the rest of the world is concerned, the rest of the world may go and look out of the window at the sad sea waves. Society, to be real society, must be exclusive. It would never do to have ordinary people coming around and trying to mix with these of the elect. That would destroy the theory of the whole painstaking, vacuous game, for if one person is not better than another person, of what use is it to have wealth and position? No sensible person either blames or decries this condition. It is natural enough in all the circumstances. The Newport cottagers have preëmpted Newport for their own. It is theirs by right of possession, and, if they insist there shall be no trespassing, trespassers must keep off. This struggle for exclusiveness has been a long one. It has met with many rebuffs. Still, much has been accomplished, and the Social Trust is ever alert. A year or so ago a plausible young man appeared in Newport with pictures and plans for a new million-dollar hotel, to be built on the site of the burned Ocean House or on the site of the Bennett house. The pictures showed a fine building, modern, up-to-date, designed to attract summer visitors. The townspeople were all for it. The plausible young man showed his blueprints and talked unceasingly. The cottagers viewed this incursion with alarm. So great was their alarm that the plausible young man disappeared after months of hard work, and the hotel will not be built. You see, the Social Trust could not allow a hotel, and they took steps to prevent it—steps satisfactory to the promoters.

Then there was the public bathing-beach. When the seashore amusement idea developed beyond a lugubrious merry-go-round, the chill thought struck the Trust that perhaps somebody might come in and put up a Luna Park or a Dreamland on that beach. There were hurried consultations. Then the Trust acquired the larger portion of the beach and marked it "Private; Keep Off." There is still a chance for the public to go into the ocean, but no chance at all for a showman to come along and disturb the quiet of that part of the city and get on the nerves of the cottagers. If there are to be any shows, the cottagers will give or hire them themselves.

On the other side of the colony is Bailey's Beach, sacrosanct. Let a stranger try to get

Newport Likes Golf

The Very Shame of It—Only Thirty Trunks

into the ocean here and he will be shooed down the road by husky attendants, who are there for just that purpose. Bailey's Beach is private—do not let that escape you. Still, it is not so private as it might be and as the cottagers wanted it. The road runs along in front of the bathing-houses, and the *hoi polloi* can drive by and see millionaires and millionairesses in the water. This grates on the Social Trust. A determined effort was made to move the road; but, for some reason, the city authorities would not allow it. The Social Trust was astonished, for, usually, the city authorities do anything they are asked to do.

Another cross the cottagers have to bear is the Cliff Walk, a pebbled path for four miles along the shore, passing many of the largest cottages. It girds the Trust to watch the people on that path, but they cannot help it. They tried—you may be very sure they tried—but they were defeated in the project. Now, any person may stroll from one end of the path to the other, stop and comment on the architecture displayed, gossip about the inhabitants of the marble piles, and be reasonably sure the dogs will not be set on him. It was necessary to invoke the old law of fisherman's rights to the beach to keep the walk open, for the Social Trust used every effort to close it, it being most annoying to have the public in such close proximity. But, on the other side, it is different. The street is shut out with iron fences so thick and heavy and high it would take an experienced safe-breaker a week to get through and an aëronaut to get over.

Segregated as much as possible, the Social Trust begins its Newport season late in June, gets into full swing in August and closes in a blaze of glory after the horse show in September. There are always some essentials and many ephemerals. Whatever is the fad for the moment is harried by day and by night during the season. Usually, there is a little polo, although that sport is not so popular as it was, for it is too laborious, and there is always tennis at the Casino at the proper time, where the championships are fought out in view of the languid cottagers.

Golf struck Newport hard. It was all the rage for two or three years. The Newport Golf Club was organized and links laid out, not too difficult, of course, but adapted to nice, easy locomotion from one tee to another. Society liked golf—for a few minutes. The club-house was thronged. Gay parties traversed the links. So assiduous was the early devotion to the game that, when a little pond that formed a hazard on one of the links was drained one summer, they found eight cartloads of balls in the mud at the bottom, which testified to intense enthusiasm, even if it did not mark any great skill at the game. That was several years ago. Golf is now in the limbo of forgotten things at Newport. The club-house is still there, and the links are kept close-cropped and rolled, but they are deserted. Only a few remain true to the sport. Golf was one of the ephemera, and it has gone the way of the ephemeral.

Coaching has been driven out somewhat by automobiling, although the horse show remains the crown of the season—the great fashionable event of the year. Bailey's Beach does not attract so many as it once did. The concerts at the Casino furnish a time for gossip. The younger set may play a little tennis or ride in the morning, and the unvarying receptions, balls and dinners are given, night after night.

Latest Thing in Bridge

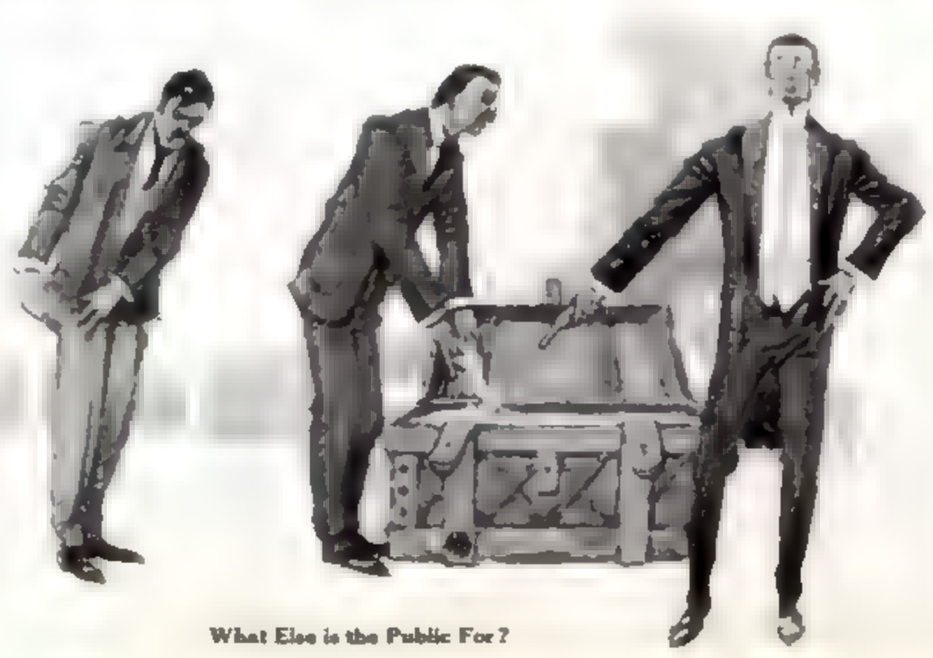
Dining in company is an amusement as old as history, and about as original. Still, when a Newporter is put to it to do something to entertain, the host and hostess always give a dinner. There may be embellishments on the dinner, but the fundamental is always the same. A Social Truster is a fine thing, considered in the abstract, but it works out in tons of ennui, for even a Social Truster must necessarily get tired of seeing the same people, the same waiters, eating the same sort of food and talking about the same subjects. The segregation idea does not induce that universality of communion that some of our best thinkers say must occur, if there is to be perfect enjoyment.

The Newport scheme never varies. A host and a hostess resolve to give a dinner. They pick out the most eligible guests and set the caterer at work. Then the dinner is served, and the next day the papers have a paragraph which reads like the paragraph that will appear on the following day about some other host, so far as the list of those present is concerned. The florist tries for new effects, but rarely gets them. The whole plan is based on the proposition that the best way to have fun is to spend more money feeding those on the list than those on the list can spend in feeding you. Circumstances, as shall be told later, have changed this plan somewhat this year, but Newport, like every other place, at the last analysis, gets down to the board-and-clothes bedrock, and display for both items marks the real status.

A dinner is a dinner: food, drink, flowers and music, and folks to eat the dinner, or give an imitation of eating. The same caterer serves nearly all the dinners, and that makes the food approximately identical. Not much can be done with decorations that has not been done. The same wines must be drunk. The same guests must be there. Then comes the wild struggle for novelty. Newporters are always bored. That is the result of their environment.

Some years ago a young man who had ideas made a monkey the guest of honor at a dinner. The whole country japed and jeered, but Newport didn't care. Newport never does care. Besides, there is this to be urged in extenuation of that affair: there had been the usual dreary round of dinners and receptions. The guests were the same, the dinners were the same, everything was the same. Is it any wonder that a monkey at table was rapturously welcomed? Consider the matter candidly. How would you—I am speaking to the great American public now, so prone to assail Newport—how would you like to go to dinner night after night and hear the same jokes and listen to the same small talk and do exactly the same things you had been doing for years and years? How would you like it, especially if the conversation always turned on the same vacuous subjects, twittered about by the same vacuous people? Would a monkey be a welcome relief, or would a monkey not? Answer that.

Realizing all this, the hosts make desperate efforts to get novelties for the entertainment of their guests, endeavor to provide features that will take their minds off themselves. They import theatrical people, singers, dancers, minstrels, all sorts of performers, and, if a clever fakir in the palm-reading or occult-religion line



What Else is the Public For?

(Continued on Page 39)

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

Thomas Bowditch Wing Arrives and Tommy Wing Departs

By F. Hopkinson Smith

I HAD left Sandy MacWhirter crooning over his smouldering wood fire the day Boggs blew in with news of the sale of Mac's two pictures at the Academy, and his reply to my inquiry regarding his future plans (vaguely connected with a certain girl in a steamer chair), "By the next steamer, my boy," still rang in my ears, but my surprise was none the less genuine when I looked up from my easel, two months later, at Sonning-on-the-Thames and caught sight of the dear fellow, with Lonnegan by his side, striding down the towpath in search of me.

"By the Great Horn Spoon!" came the cry. And the next minute his big arms were about my shoulders, his cheery laugh filling the summer air.

Lonnegan's greeting was equally hearty and spontaneous, but it came with less noise.

"He's been roaring that way ever since we left London," said the architect. "Ever since we landed, really," and he nodded at Mac. "Awfully glad to see you, old man!"

The next moment the three of us were flat on the grass telling our experiences, the silver sheen of the river flashing between the low-branched trees lining the banks.

Lonnegan's story ran thus:

Mac had disappeared the morning after their arrival; had remained away two weeks, reappearing again with a grin on his face that had frozen stiff and had never relaxed its grip. "You can still see it; turn your head, Mac, and let the gentleman see your smile." Since that time he had spent his nights writing letters and his days poring over the morning's mail. "Got his pocket full of them now, and is so happy he's no sort of use to anybody."

Mac now got his innings:

Lonnegan's airs had been insufferable and his ignorance colossal. What time he could spare from his English tailor—"and you just ought to see his clothes, and especially his checker-board waistcoats"—had been spent in abusing everything in English art that wasn't three hundred years old, and going into raptures over Lincoln Cathedral. The more he saw of Lonnegan the more he was convinced that he had missed his calling. He might succeed as a floor-walker in a department store, where his airs and his tailor-made upholstery would impress the hayseeds from the country, but, as for trying to be—— The rest was lost in a gurgle of smothered laughter, Lonnegan's thin, white fingers having by this time closed over the painter's windpipe.

My turn came now:

I had been at work a month; had my present quarters at the White Hart Inn, within a stone's throw of where we lay sprawled with our faces to the sun—the loveliest inn, by the way, on the Thames, and that was saying a lot—with hand-polished tables, sleeve and trouser polished armchairs, Chippendale furniture, barmaids, pewter mugs, old and new ale, tough bread, tender mutton, tarts—gooseberry, and otherwise; strawberries—two would fill a teacup—and *roses!* Millions of roses! "Well, you fellows just step up and look at 'em."

"And not a place to put your head," said Mac.

"How do you know?"

"Been there," replied Lonnegan. "The only decent rooms are reserved for a bloated American millionaire who arrives to-day—everything else chock-a-block except two bunks under the roof, full of spiders."

Mac drew up one of his fat legs, stretched his arms, pushed his slouch hat from his forehead—he was still on his back drinking in the sunshine—and with a yawn cried:

"They ought to be exterminated."

"The spiders?" grumbled Lonnegan.

"No, millionaires. They throw their money away like water; they crowd the hotels. Nothing good enough for them. Prices all doubled, everything slimed up by the trail of their dirty dollars. And the saddest thing in it all to me is that you generally find one or two able-bodied American citizens kotowing to them like wooden Chinese mandarins when the great men take the air."

"Who, for instance?" I asked. No millionaires with any such outfit had thus far come my way.

"Lonnegan, for one," answered Mac.

The architect raised his head and shot a long, horizontal glance at the prostrate form of the painter.

"Yes, Lonnegan, I am sorry to say," continued Mac, his eyes fixed on the yellow greens in the swaying tree-tops.

"I was only polite," protested the architect. "Lambert is a client of mine; building a stable for him. Very level-headed man is Mr. Samuel Lambert; no frills and no swelled head. It was Tommy Wing who was doing the mandarin act the other day at the Carlton—not me. Got dead intimate with him on the voyage over and has stuck to him like a plaster ever since. Calls him 'Sam' already—did to me."

"Behind his back or to his face?" spluttered Mac, tugging at his pipe.

"Give it up," said Lonnegan, pulling his hat over his face to shield his eyes from the sun.

Mac raised himself to a sitting posture, as if to reply, fumbled in his watch-pocket for a match, instead; shook the ashes from his brierwood, filled the bowl with some fresh tobacco from his rubber pouch, drew the lucifer across the sole of his shoe, waited until the blue smoke mounted skyward and resumed his former position. He was too happy mentally and too lazy physically to argue with anybody. Lonnegan rolled over on his elbows, his head in his hands, and feasted his eyes on the sweep of the sleepy river, dotted with punts and wherries, its background of foliage in silhouette against the morning sky. The Thames was very lovely that June, and the trained eye of the distinguished architect missed none of its beauty and charm. I picked up my brushes and continued work. The spirit of perfect camaraderie makes such silences not only possible but enjoyable. It is the restless chatterer that tires.

"No; I'll Carry It"

Lonnegan's outbreak had set me to thinking. Lambert I knew only by reputation—as half the world knew him—a man of the people: lumber boss, mill owner, proprietor of countless acres of virgin forest; many times a millionaire. Then came New York and the ice-cream palace with the rock-candy columns on the Avenue, and "The Samuel Lamberts" in the society journals. This was all the wife's doings. Poor Maria! She had forgotten the day when she washed his red flannel shirts and hung them on a line stretched from the door of their log cabin to a giant white pine—one of the founders of their fortune. If Tommy Wing called him "Sam" it was because old "Saw Logs," as he was often called, was lonely, and Tommy amused him.

Tommy Wing—Thomas Bowditch Wing, his card ran I had known for years. He was basking on the topmost branches now, stretched out in the sunshine of social success, swaying to every movement made by his padrones. He was a little country squirrel when I first came across him, frisking about the root of the tree and glad enough to scamper close to the ground. He had climbed a long way since then. All the blossoms and tender little buds were at the top, and Tommy was fond of buds, especially when they bloomed out into yachts and four-in-hands, country-houses, winters in Egypt (Tommy an invited guest), house parties on Long Island or Tuxedo, or gala nights at the opera with seats in a first tier.

In the ascent he had forgotten his beginnings—not an unnatural thing with Tommies. Son of a wine merchant—a most respectable man; then "Importer" (Tommy altered the sign); elected member of an athletic club, always well dressed, always polite, Tommy Wing was unobtrusive and careful not to make a break. Asked to fill a place at the table at the last moment—accepted gracefully, not offended—never offended at anything. Was willing to see that the young son caught the train, or would meet the daughter at the ferry and escort her safely to school. "So obliging, so trustworthy," the mother said. Soon got to be "among those present" at the Sherry and Delmonico balls. Then came little squibs in the society columns regarding the movements of Thomas Bowditch Wing, Esquire. He knew the squibber, and often gave her half a column. Was invited to a seat in the coaching parade, saw his photograph the next morning in the papers, he sitting next to the beautiful Miss Carnevelt. He was pretty near to the top now; only a little farther to where the choicest buds were bursting into flower; too far up, though, ever to recognize the little fellows he had left frisking below. There was no time now to escort schoolgirls or fill unexpectedly empty seats unless they were exclusive ones. His excuse was that he had accepted an invitation to the branch above him. The mother of the schoolgirl, now, strange to say, instead of being miffed, liked him the better, and, for the first time, began to wonder whether she hadn't made too free with so important a personage. As a silent apology she begged an invitation for a friend to the Bachelor Ball, Tommy being a subscriber and entitled to the distribution of a certain number of tickets. Being single, and available, few outings were given without him—not only week-ends (Weak Odds-and-Ends, Mac always called them), but trips to Washington, even to Montreal in the winter. Then came the excursions abroad—Capri, Tangier, Cairo.

It was on one of these jaunts that he met "Saw Logs," who, after sizing him up for a day, promptly called him "Tommy," an abbreviation instantly adopted by Maria—so fine, you know, to call a fellow "Tommy" who knew everybody and went everywhere. Sometimes she shrieked his name the length of the deck. On reaching London it was either the Carlton or the Ritz for Lambert. Tommy, however, made a faint demur. "Oh, hang the expense, Tommy, you are my guest for the summer," broke out

Lambert. What a prime minister you would have made, Tommy, in some kitchen cabinet!

There were no blossoms now out of his reach. Our little squirrel had gained the top! To dazzle the wife and daughter with the priceless value of his social position and then compel plain, honest, good-natured Samuel Lambert to pay his bills, and to pay those bills, too, in such a way, "By Heavens, sir, as not to wound a gentleman's pride": that, indeed, was an accomplishment. Had any other bushy tail of his acquaintance ever climbed so high or accomplished so much?

A movement on my right cut short my revery.

MacWhirter had lifted his big arms above his head, and now he was twisting his broad back as if for a better fulcrum.

"Lonny ——" he cried, bringing his body once more to a sitting posture.

"Yes, Mac."

"In that humiliating and servile interview which you had with your other genuflector, the landlord of the White Hart Inn, did you in any way gain the impression that every ounce of grub in his shebang was reserved for the especial use of His Highness, Count Kerosene, or the Earl of Asphalt, or the Duke of Sausage, or whatever the brute calls himself? -or do you think he can be induced to ——"

"Yes, I think so."

"Think what, you obtuse duffer?"

"That he can be induced."

"Well, then, grab that easel and let us go to luncheon."

II

I HAD not exaggerated the charm of the White Hart Inn—nobody can. I know most of the hostelries up and down this part of the river—the "Ferry" at Cookham, the "French Horn" across the Backwater, one or two at Henley, and a lovely old bungalow of a tavern at Maidenhead; but this garden of roses at Sonning has never lost its fascination for me.

For the White Hart is like none of these. It fronts the river, of course, as they all do—you can almost fish out of the coffee-room window of the "Ferry" at Cookham—and all the life of the boathouses, the punts and wherries, with their sprawling cushions and bunches of jackstraw oars, and tows, back and forth, of empty boats, goes on just as it does at the other boat-landings, up and down the river; but, at the White Hart, it is the rose garden that counts! Planted in rows, like corn, their stalks straight as walking-sticks and as big; then a flare of smaller stalks like umbrella ribs, the circle covered with Prince Alberts, Cloth-of-Golds, Teas, Saffrons, Red Ramblers (the old gardener knows their names; I don't). And the perfume that sweeps toward you and the way it sinks into your soul! Bury your face in a bunch of them, if you don't believe it.

Then the bridge! That mouldy old mass of red brick that makes three clumsy jumps before it clears the river, the green rushes growing about its feet. And the glory of the bend below, with the fluff of elm, birch and maple melting into the morning haze!

Inside it is none the less delightful. Awnings, fronting the garden, stretch over the flower-beds; vines twist their necks, the blossoms peeping curiously as you take your coffee.

There is a coffee-room, of course, with stags' heads and hunting prints, and small tables with old-fashioned flowers in tiny vases, as well as a long serving board the width of the room, where everything that can be boiled, baked or stewed and then served cold awaits the hungry.

It was at this long board that we three brought up, and it was not long before Lonnegan and Mac were filling their plates, and with their own hands, too, with thin cuts of cold roast beef, chicken and slivers of ham, picking out the particular bread or toast or muffin they liked best, bringing the whole out under the low awning with its screen of roses, the swinging blossoms brushing their cheeks—some of them almost in their plates.

The American Millionaire had Arrived!

From where we sat we could see not only the suite of rooms reserved for the great man and his party—one end of the inn, really, with a separate entrance—but we could see, too, part of the tap-room, and could hear the laughter and raillery of the barmaid as she served the droppers-in and loungers-about. We caught, as well, the small square hall, flanked by the black-oak counter, behind which were banked bottles of various shapes and sizes, rows of pewter tankards and the like, the whole made comfortable with chairs cushioned in Turkey red, and never empty—the chairs, I mean; the tankards always were, or about to be.

The tap-room, I must tell you, is not a bar in the American sense, nor is the girl a barkeeper. It is the open club of the village, where everybody is welcome who is decent and agreeable. Even the curate drops in—not for his toddy, perhaps (although "You can't generally sometimes almost always tell," as Mac said), but for a word with anybody who happens to be about. And so does the big man of the village who owns the mill, and the gardener from Lord So-and-So's estate, and the lord himself, for that matter, the groom taking his "bitter" from the side window, with one eye on his high stepper polished to a piano finish. All have a word or a good-morning or a joke with the barmaid. She isn't at all the kind of a girl you think she is. Try it some day and you'll discover your mistake. It's Miss Nance, or Miss Ellen, or whatever else her parents fancied; or Miss Figgins, or Connors, or Pugby—but it is never Nance nor Nell.

Our luncheon over, we joined the circle, the curate making room for Lonnegan, Mac stretching his big frame half over a settle.

"From the States, gentlemen, I should judge," said the curate in a cheery tone -an athletic and Oxford-looking curate, his high white collar and high black waistcoat gripping a throat and chest that showed oars and cricket bats in every muscle. Young, too—not over forty.

I returned the courtesy by pleading guilty, and, in extenuation, presented my comrades to the entire room, Lonnegan's graceful body straightening to a present-arms posture as he grasped the outstretched hand of a brother athlete, and Mac's heartiness capturing every one present, including the barmaid.

Then some compounded extracts were passed over the counter and the talk drifted as usual (I have never known it to fail) into comparisons between the two "Hands Across the Sea" people. That an Englishman will ever really warm to a Frenchman or a German nobody who knows his race will believe, but he can be entirely comfortable (and the well-bred Englishman is the shyest man living) with the well-bred American.

Lonnegan, answering an inquiry, and with an assurance born of mastery of his subject instantly recognized by the listeners, enlarged on the necessity of the last architectural horror, the skyscraper, its cost, and on the occupations of the myriads of human bees who were hived between its floors, all so different from the more modest office structures around the Bank of England. He had, he said, the plans of two on his drawing-table at home, a statement which confirmed the good opinions they had formed of his familiarity with the subject.

I ventured upon some comparisons touching upon the technique of the two schools of water-color painting, and, finding that the curate had a brother who was an R. A., backed out again and kept still.

Mac launched out upon the absence of all class distinctions at home—one man as good as another—making Presidents out of farmers, Senators out of cellar-diggers, every man a king: he was more or less concerned over the expected arrival, and was evidently anxious that his listeners should not consider the magnate as a fair example of his countrymen.

When Mac had finished—and these Englishmen let you finish—the mill-owner, a heavy, red-faced man (out-of-doors exercise, not Burgundy), with a gray whisker dabbed high up on each cheek, and a pair of keen, merry eyes, threw back the lapels of his velveteen coat (riding-trousers to match), and answered slowly:

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I stopped a while in the States, and I can't agree with you. We take off our caps here to a lord because he is part of our national system, but we never bow down to the shillings he keeps in his strong box. You do."

The lists were "open" now. Mac fought valiantly, the curate helping him once in a while; Lonnegan putting in a word for the several professions as being always exempt—brains, not money, counting in their case—Mac winning the first round with:

"Not all of us, my dear sir; not by a long shot. When any of our people turn sycophants, it is you English who have coached them. A lord with you is a man who doesn't have to work. So, when any of us come over here to play and that's what we generally come for—everybody, to our surprise, kotows to us, and we acknowledge the attention by giving a shilling to whoever holds out his hand. Now, nobody ever kotows to us at home. We'd get suspicious right away if they did and shift our wallets to the other pocket; not that we are not generous, but we don't like that sort of thing. We do here—that is, some of us do, because it marks the difference in rank and we all, being kings, are tickled to death that your flunkeys recognize that fact the moment they clap eyes on us."

Lonnegan looked at Mac curiously. The dear fellow must be talking through his hat.

"Now, I got a sudden shock on the steamer on my way home last fall, and from an *American gentleman*, too—one of the best, if he was in tarpaulins—and I didn't get over it for a week. No kotow about him, I tell you. I wanted a newspaper the worst way, and was the first man to strike the Sandy Hook pilot as he threw his sea-drenched leg over the rail. 'Got a morning paper?' I asked. 'Yes, in my bag.' And he dumped the contents on the deck and handed me a paper. I had been away from home a year, and hadn't seen

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Then the Bridge! That Mouldy Old Mass of Red Brick

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE

THE STEEL-WORKER

By Martha S. Bensley

AS THE train swung into the Calumet region, the great swamp at the south end of Chicago which is given over to the making of steel and its attending industries, I looked from the car window upon what seemed an unfinished world; the light had not yet been divided from the darkness, the waters gathered together and the dry land made to appear.

In this place the day is not light, because smoke from the mills drifts black, and brown, and copper-red across the sun. Night is not dark, because light from the blast furnaces yellows the sky. The houses rest upon land which is still undivided from the waters, although the streets in front of them have been built solidly up as high as the second-story windows. In this inchoate spot lives the steel-worker's wife.

She is not a homogeneous species, this swamp-dwelling woman, either in race, social position or income. She may be of any continent—Asia, Europe or America; she may do washing to keep her daughters in shoes, or give "at homes" to introduce them into society; and her husband may earn from two to fifty dollars a day.

Not many of the wives of the "fifty-dollar-a-day" men still live in South Chicago. They have migrated to the avenues, and have something the same relation to the steel industry as the women whose husbands own stock in the mills. But though plenty of these families are always well up on the ladder, few of them, after having reached the top, remain there.

The family of Mr. Olsen, an expert Swedish "roller," was about half-way up to the "fifty-dollar-a-day" mark. They were about to make their first geographical advance on society by moving from the Calumet region into a new residence suburb, formed by the Chicago overflow. The social advances which they had made before this had been of a different sort, as when they had left their flat for a house; when Mrs. Olsen had hired a Polish woman to do her washing; and when Miss Emma Olsen began to take lessons in china painting and singing. When I first visited them, Miss Emma was industriously "la—la—la-ing" successive arpeggios as she sat at the piano, as distinct an advance over the Waltz Me Around Again, Willie stage as that is above the plane of the hymn tunes.

I made some conventional compliment to Miss Emma on her voice, and she replied with complaisant formality:

"Yes, Miss Alcheni says I have a very high soprano; she hasn't another pupil who can take G-sharp."

I agreed that her voice was high, with the mental comment that so is a steam whistle, and as she continued to look at me expectantly, I tried to rise to the occasion with meaningless words of appreciation, till I saw that she was taking my remarks as merely merited praise, rather weakly expressed. Then I turned my attention to the painted china which Mrs. Olsen was proudly showing me. These dishes would certainly have escaped the Mosaic ban against representing anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; though from certain brownish streaks which might have represented stems, bearing certain small protruding dabs which might have represented thorns, I inferred that the decorative motif of one set of plates was the rose.

"Yes," assented Miss Emma; "they're American Beauties. The colors are pretty, especially these shades," and she pointed admiringly at two jarring shades of magenta placed beside a blue-green leaf.

Now, Emma Olsen was not specially vain, but she had never learned the use of conversational small change. To her a word was a word; it had a definitely fixed meaning; and a flattering speech was to be accepted, not questioned. Both mother and daughter had advanced to the stage where they knew that music and art were admirable things; and to them the human voice raised in successive "la's" was music, and hand painting was art—there were no degrees.

But in South Chicago there was no chance for them to hear good music or see good pictures. Mr. Olsen's skill as a "roller" had brought them only material prosperity, not a chance for æsthetic development.

Sunday night is the gala night at the theatre, and here I saw Miss Emma Olsen seated close beside her young man. They differed from the Slavic part of the audience in that they made love to each other only during the dark spots of the play, and when the cinematograph was going, between the acts. At the numerous crises of this conventional melodrama Miss Emma Olsen became almost excited. Several times when it seemed a toss-up whether vice or virtue would triumph, her full, red lips parted, her calm eyes widened, and she stopped chewing. But still I felt that the young moulder whom she was to marry was reasonably sure of a placid, well-kept home, free from temperamental storms.

But these two Scandinavians got far less excitement out of the play than the majority of the audience. The emotional Poles, Hungarians and Austrians, who could hardly speak English, alternately held their breaths, cried, and laughed uproariously when the jokes were broad enough for them to understand.

Shopping as a Diversion

THE theatre, however, represented the more official pleasuring of the town, and was patronized chiefly by the young people. Mrs. McCarthy, wife of a man who ran a great overhead crane, showed me a more general form of amusement when she took me shopping with her down the main street on Saturday night. The whole town was *en fête*, and we had to push our way through the swaying crowds on the sidewalks. It seemed as though most of the eighty thousand people of South Chicago had crowded themselves into a few blocks.

"Yis, I do like the sthreet of a Saturday night," she said. "It's lighter'n the daytime whin the smoke's a-blowin' over from the mills. An' the band a-playin'—well, if there ain't two bands to-night! Jest listen! Sure the ither wan's down by the post-office. Bands do be the foine things! Good-avening, Mrs. Nelson. How's Nelson by now?—The company paid all the doctor's bills since he was hurt? Well, ain't that grand! Good luck do be wid yez, Mrs. Nelson!"

We turned into a large department store where Mrs. McCarthy showed me a butcher-shop concealed on an upper floor. Mrs. McCarthy gave me a package of sausage-meat to carry, and asked me if I'd mind going to the drug-store with her.

"I want to git some stuff for McCarthy's hand; he's burnt it. There ain't so many in here as there'll be when the weather heats up some. Then you ought to see thim Pollack women dhrink the sody-water—you'd think they was holler to their feet. What is thim crutches kept there by the door for? Why, mither o' Moses! Where would they be kept? Some b'y gits hurt an' they have to have thim where they kin give him wan quick. Over at Einstein's, crutches is all over the ceiling, an' a ladder handy to git thim down. Ivry drug-store has thim where you kin reach them aisy."

We wandered into the "Five-and-Ten-Cent Store," lured by the sound of music. Behind a counter at the back of the room was a thin, nervous young man, who, as he walked back and forth, advertised the songs he had for sale.

"Here you are, ladies! If you want some nice music, here's your chance. All you girls got to do is to sing one of these songs to your best feller and you got him cinched sure. I can't hardly resist 'em myself. Yes, ma'am? The thousand-dollar prize song for you? Yes, ma'am. Boy, do up one Strong-Armed Annie for the lady. Ten cents, please. Yes, ma'am, this song took the one-thousand-dollar prize at the Popkinsville Convention last week. I was down there myself, and when I heard it I says 'Here, give me a bunch of them Strong-Armed Annies,' I says. 'Them ladies in South Chicago'll just go wild over them,' I says.—Annie for you, ma'am? Oh, you want to hear that last song again? Yes, ma'am. Miss Jenkins, will you give me the accompaniment?"

And in a high, nasal voice he performed a musical gem with a chorus something like this:

"There's something nice about you,
Perhaps it is your style;
You may not be good looking,
But you look sweet when you smile.

"Not so fast, ladies—can't serve you all at once. Yes, ma'am, you're first. How-do, Mrs. Brulinsky! Which can I sell you this evening? This last one—it's a sweet thing—the latest Chicago success. They're a-singing it at three theatres this minute, and this is the first time it's been sold except to professionals. And only as a favor to me! I knew you ladies would all be just crazy about it.—Yes, ma'am.—Strong-Armed Annie again, Miss Jenkins."

In the street we found Mrs. Brulinsky tucking the roll of music she had just bought into the baby-carriage which had been in charge of two older children outside the store. She wore a sagging black skirt, an old velvet cape, red knit slippers and no hat. And the children seemed to be wearing any bits of old cloth that had happened their way.

What could this woman want with Strong-Armed Annie, I wondered, and I asked Mrs. McCarthy about her.

"Yis, shure I know her—poor thing. It's a hard time she's been havin'. It's this way. She's a Pollack. Oh, thim Pollacks! An' they was gittin' on all right till her husband got kilt at the furnace. Thin she got married to a lazy, dhrinking Pollack, as expeeted her to be takin' in lodgers so's he could do nothin' but lie around and dhrink all the toime. An' he used to beat her up shameful an' smash the furnitura. Afther this baby come—the other childhren ain't his—he jest wint off an' left her. Thin she was that mad she got a divorce. The priest didn't like it much, but I wint up to the court meself to tell his Honor she was a dacint woman. She could git another man if she'd a-wanted—there's plenty of thim Pollacks here—but she didn't. She does washin'. She's done mine since McCarthy's been on the crane. I heard that one day, whin she was washin' for Mrs. Olsen, her husband found out where she was an' called her up on the tilphone. He'd lost his job, so he thought he'd come back an' be supported. But she jest give him —— in Pollack an' told him to go earn his own living. She has to sind her two children to the sisters' school, an' it costs her fifty cints a month besides what she gives for the books. Why?—Oh, the Polish priest told her he wouldn't let thim come to church if they wint to the public school. O' course

he would, but she's scared. Ain't it a shame—a poor woman like her! Oh, them Pollacks ain't no good, none of thim. It was a grand day for America whin the Scotch an' the Welsh an' the Irish was comin' over—an' the Germans an' Swedes is all right, too—but thim Pollacks, they ain't no good to nobody.

"Why, most of thim don't even belong to the union. No, ma'am. An' where'd we all be if it wasn't for what the b'ys in the union has done? Why, if it wasn't for the union, the wages 'ud be that small, thim very Pollacks 'ud be back in their own counthry this minut. Oh, it was the Irish made the union! There was a terrible strike before I was married, an' me brother, Luke Quinn, he was on the force. Well, they was thryin' to run out a thrain loaded up wid nails, an' the furst thing that happened that thrain all come to pieces; the b'ys had took out ivry wan iv thim couplin's an' pins 'an' flung 'em in the slough. You'd be findin' thim there yit, if you was to fish for 'em. Well, av course, the company could git more couplin's, an' the b'ys didn't thry to steal 'em ag'in. But Mrs. Schultz, as kept a store, noticed as iv'ry woman was a-comin' in an' buyin' soap—you'd a-thought they was all a-takin' in washin'. They bought iv'ry bar she had, an' thin they wint to the other stores an' bought all they'd got, too. An' the next day, whin the company thried to git thim cars av nails out they couldn't move 'em a foot. Thim women had soaped the thracks fer near a mile out av the mills! Luke, he was a-ridin' on the ingine with three other men on the force, as was sint out to pertect it, an' he says it was the funniest thing you iver see, to watch that ol' ingine a-puffin' an' the wheels just a-whirlin' round like they was goin' one hundred miles an hour an' never movin' an inch. The women, they was lined up along the thrack, an' they most killed themselves laughing.

"Well, yis, the company got rid av the soap. They had thim thracks cleaned an' they put sand on 'em, an' thin the thrain began to move. An' what do you think happened thin? Why, they jest took their kids—an' most ivry wan of them had a baby—an' laid thim along on the thracks in front av the ingine. Well, that stopped thim, I tell ye. Not even thim scab engineers'll run over a baby. So Luke an' the other cops had to ride on the cowcatcher an' keep hopping off to pick babies off the thrack as thick as blueberries! Luke said he didn't niver expect to be a policeman an' a baby-carriage both.

"Did the sthrikers win? Well, it don't matter none aither way; it just made the union all right!"

But, if it was once the Irish, Welsh and Scotch who made up the bulk of the steel-workers, this is not now the case. The people who are pressing closest on their heels are the Poles, about twenty thousand of whom have come into the region. One Sunday I went to the Polish mass. I looked across a church, packed to the doors—every pew filled and people kneeling in the rows in the aisles. I saw with surprise that two-thirds of the congregation were men and that all of them were blonds. The women were in their brightest clothes, the men in clean collars and with a Saturday night hair-cut which left a little white semicircle of untanned skin close up to the hair. The women were a sturdy, well-grown lot, and *en masse* pleasant to look at, though individually they were not beautiful. Their faces were too large in proportion to their heads, which were ill-shaped; their blond hair was without gold lights; their eyes were often mismated; their vague, unformed mouths might become fixed either in beauty or ugliness. As nearly as I could determine, the attractiveness of these Polish women was due to their clear skins and a certain animal placidity. That these were fleeting charms one glance at Mrs. Brulinsky, who sat near me, showed. She could not have been much more than thirty, but her skin was drawn and wrinkled and her lips had the hard, stiff look of leather. It was difficult to think of her as a human being with emotions; she seemed rather to be so much potential scrubbing, cooking and clothes-washing.

The religion of these women, as a rule, has a strong hold over them. At Easter, for instance, two or three hundred stand in line at the church, with their Easter dinners in baskets on their arms, waiting their time for the priest's blessing on their food. And, while the more well-to-do women do not go to the priest, they have him come to them, and have him deliver his blessing upon their food in the kitchen.

But the ignorance of these Polish women is most appalling in regard to their children. Dr. Mary Barton, who is devoting her life to work among the steel-workers' families, said:

"The greatest trouble is to make them follow directions. Even when they understand English, which they rarely do, they can't grasp the ideas. For instance, there were the Frachelskis. I was called in when Mrs. Frachelski's baby came, and, of course, I left her what they call 'pieces of medicine'—pills and powders—and also a bottle of tonic. I explained carefully how she was to take them, had in an interpreter so there could be no mistake, and expressly told her that the bottle of tonic was to be kept by the bed so that she could take it herself, if there was no one by to give it to her. Well, when I made my visits I found that Mrs. Frachelski was taking the 'pieces' all right, but the tonic had disappeared. I tried to find out from her what had become of it, and hunted around for it myself, but, in a week, I had to send for the interpreter again. After a word or two from him, the woman's face brightened and she slipped her hand down under the mattress and pulled out the tonic bottle—full! She hadn't taken a drop; thought all I meant was that she should keep the bottle near her, as though it were an amulet or a charm. And I had trouble with them about the baby, too. They wouldn't do as I told them till it nearly died; and then they began to follow directions, although they still couldn't understand why. They were the happiest couple you ever saw when the baby began to get better. But one day Mr. Frachelski came into my office with the tears just running down his face and told me the baby was dead. I found it lying on the kitchen table, in the midst of a half-eaten meal. They had thought it was perfectly well, and they'd been playing with it, tossing it back and forth and feeding it all sorts of things, when suddenly it choked on a piece of beefsteak. They didn't know what to do, and the child died simply because of their ignorance. They have another baby now."

A Della Robbia Bambino

I WENT to call on this second Frachelski baby. It was a poor, dirty, weak little thing, with a defective eye, and the large abdomen and small arms and legs that show improper feeding. The mother seemed extraordinarily fond of it, but ignorant affection had killed her first child, and there seemed no reason to suppose that the second could survive it.

The Poles show a tendency to preserve in this country their national clannishness; and, while this does not always show in harmony among themselves, it is particularly evident in their aversion to other races. Between them and the Italians especially there are perpetual misunderstandings. There is no acquaintance between the Polish and Italian women, and, when the children go to the same schools, it is not always possible for the teachers to keep peace. In many respects, however, the Italian women have the advantage over their Polish rivals. They are quite as strong and enduring, are better cooks, better housekeepers, and are far better looking, and they also have a certain native hospitality which amounts almost to social training.

I visited many of these Italian homes with a woman who was teaching them sewing specifically, and who incidentally showed them a hundred things which made for decent and comfortable living. And always we were received with courtesy.

Mrs. D'Mato, for instance, greeted us from her kitchen because, in the memory of man, the front door of her little flat had not been opened; but she stood in the door, dark and splendid, with an old brown-and-white shawl folded over her head like an old Florentine picture and holding a swaddled Della Robbia bambino in her arms. Mrs. D'Mato could speak no English, but she smiled an unmistakable welcome, led us into the front room and held up the bambino for us to admire. This room was furnished unostentatiously with three kitchen chairs, a table, a stove and a brand-new American sewing machine—best quality.

We had come ostensibly to help her cut out a dress from a paper pattern, and when she had arranged chairs for us, and handed the baby to an older child who acted as interpreter, she brought out the cloth she had bought. This was a rather expensive silk-and-wool mixture of a beautiful golden-brown shade, very becoming to Mrs. D'Mato. But it developed that this brown dress would have to be sewed with white cotton thread, because, though Mr. D'Mato had not objected to the cost of the material itself, he did object to the extra ten cents for silk to match it, when there was already a spool of white cotton thread in the house.

Before we left Mrs. D'Mato brought out some home-made wine for our refreshment, which, as nearly as I could analyze it, was composed of anise, grape-juice and rum.

Mrs. D'Mato was a typical Italian steel-worker's wife. I visited household after household, and everywhere found similar women living under similar conditions. Sometimes there were more children, sometimes fewer; sometimes there were only five lodgers—the D'Matos took seven into their six-room flat—sometimes there were chickens or a pig living in the basement, as marks of thrift. But always there was courtesy, always cloth of beautiful color on which to work, and always some refreshment for us when we left. Often there were shrugs of apology for their sewing and their broken English.

"Me no-a can sew-a-good!" they would say, with a shake of the head.

At one home we were fortunate enough to find a group of three men seated in the kitchen for a smoke after their day's work. Mr. Carleso had interesting views on the labor situation, and it affected his domestic affairs. "No-a, I don' want my-a-wife go away from house learn-a-sew! Got alla dese child, five-a-girl—somet'ing happen—chile she get-a hurt—Where-a my wife? She be gone—a-sew! What-a gud it do my wife-a-learn sew, if my chile-a-git hurt? No—My wife-a she not young some more—you take-a the child—teach-a-dem somet'ing—that all-a-right. My wife—she stay-a-home."

And all the time the little wife, who understood no English, sewed on smilingly in the next room.

"But, if your wife knew more about sewing, she wouldn't have to spend so much money for cloth. She would be more economical!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, a-man he got five girls—he mus' spend much-a-money."

Mr. Carleso's brother agreed that a married man must spend money. "But," he commented, "de union make-a de great wages—yes! See—we got a local—15,000 men. De hod-carriers and de ditch-diggers together—mos' all speak-a de English—yes. De people what don' speak-a de English, dey don' go in de union—not much. Dey don' work gud like de Italian—no! Italian he work fas', all de time, when de-a 'boss' ain't dere. Pollack an' dem peoples don' work only when de 'boss' make 'em. I work down at-a de coke oven las-a-week in gang of dem Pollacks, yes—I say to de 'boss': 'Look-a-here—I'm in-a de union. You got-a-pay me like dat.' 'All-a-right, I pay you,' he say. An' so I work—a-ten hour, get-a four dollar an' a half, an' dem Pollack, da' get-a one dollar an' sixty cent. Yes. But I do-a fine work."

"Si-si," interrupted Mr. Carleso, "de union all-a-right—but de-a walkin' delegate—he steal de money. He git a two hundred an' fifty dollar a mont' an' he steal some more. We need to get a millionaire for a walkin' delegate. Oh, got-a plenty money in America! I could buy a fine house, only my fadder he got-a much land in Italy. When he die I take-a my wife, I take-a my children, I go-a back to Italy. My wife, she likes-a Italy."

Mrs. Carleso was evidently a good housekeeper. The floors had been freshly scrubbed, the beds and the children's clothes were clean, and the atmosphere of the house was as fresh as the presence of stagnant water and rotting garbage in the streets and open drains and sewers would permit it to be.

In the corner of the kitchen sat, during our conversation, a large,

(Continued on Page 93)

"Luke Said He Didn't Niver Expect to be a Policeman an' a Baby-Carriage Both"

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One Way of Fixing a Rate

THE legal freight rate is that shown by the tariffs on file with the Interstate Commerce Commission. Thus the legal rate on oil, over the Chicago and Alton, from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Illinois, was eighteen cents a hundred pounds.

The Standard Oil Company paid only six cents, but its lawyers were able to contend, with considerable plausibility, that six cents was in fact the open, universal and only rate; that the Alton's failure to file that rate with the Commission was a mere clerical inadvertence; that while the Alton's filed tariffs showed the rate to be eighteen cents, the tariffs of the competing Chicago and Eastern Illinois, on file with the Commission, showed the rate to be only six cents. This was really the crux of the case.

Without misanthropy, we wish everybody would read the testimony on this point and look over the voluminous exhibits, because everybody would then realize what a vast and muddled fraud the whole system of rate-making is. It actually required an extensive and laborious investigation on the part of the court to determine what the legal rate on oil between Whiting and East St. Louis was. There were "class tariffs" and "commodity tariffs." Sometimes oil was a class at eighteen cents; sometimes a commodity at six cents; sometimes it appears to have been both and at other times neither. There were tariff amendments and revisions, rather obscure; but one which plainly named six cents was not filed for several years—perhaps, also, by clerical inadvertence.

Until this juggled maze is plucked out by the roots and succeeded by a system of rate-making which is somewhat characterized by intelligence as well as common honesty there will be no equality between the big shipper, who employs a high-priced traffic expert, and the small shipper.

The Fine that Jolted Stocks

TO FINE the Standard Oil Company $29,240,000, said Judge Landis in effect, is a less rigorous exercise of power than to deprive a human being of his liberty for a single day.

In theory this is familiar to the point of being commonplace. In practice it is absolutely novel. Never before, so far as we remember, was any rich corporation ever punished for breaking the law. Many have been prosecuted; not a few found guilty—in which case the judgment against them amounted to nothing more than a formal notice to discontinue the unlawful practice, the fine imposed being merely nominal and such as no possible stretch of sympathetic imagination could construe as a punishment. In respect of big corporations the sole function of the courts in the past has been to warn them to desist, and never actually to punish them.

Naturally, following the imposing of the fine, stocks were decidedly unsettled, for the decision introduces a new factor in values. If corporations are to be punished in this way for breaking the law, the shares of a law-breaking corporation are obviously liable to an important discount. The moral character of the company becomes an important element in determining investments in its stock. How revolutionary this is need scarcely be pointed out.

Heretofore the value of a stock was determined solely by earnings. All that investors looked to and demanded was dividends, and the management was secure in the approval of stockholders in proportion as it produced dividends.

How deleteriously this affected managerial morals is well known. It lay, for example, at the bottom of the whole rebate iniquity. Managements dare not turn away illegal business and, with lessened earnings, face protesting stockholders.

The Standard Oil fine tends to change the emphasis. Under a condition where law-breaking by the management meant sharp loss to the stockholders there would, we opine, be a higher moral tone in corporation affairs

And Bought Him a Little Gun

MURDER is no longer a fine art, if we may believe an extensive report on the state of the British trade in firearms. A generation ago, England led the whole world in this important industry. To-day, her position is almost negligible, and steadily declining.

Manufacturers, it seems, ascribe this deplorable result largely to three causes: Free trade, vexatious interference by Parliament and a generally debased public taste which leads people to accept American, German and French weapons merely because they are cheaper and will do the business. It is alleged that, in material, style and workmanship, the Birmingham product is still peerless; but for a dollar or so one can procure a shoddy utensil that will project a bullet a short distance with sufficient power and accuracy to meet the needs of the moment, and vulgar inhabitants of the colonies are blind to the claims of true excellence, while in England itself there are such strict pistol laws that, as the report shows, most suicides resort to poison.

The report does not actually recommend a law prescribing six months in the workhouse for whoever attempts suicide except with a firearm, nor yet urge a declaration of war; but it does plainly exhibit no little irritation over the government's failure to stimulate the industry.

For our part, we regard pistol laws and poor taste as merely incidental, and put the whole blame upon free trade, which compels the British manufacturer to meet competition. With a good, stiff protective tariff he could make Englishmen buy his goods at his own prices whether they wanted them or not. Should the tariff ever be lowered in this country, some manufacturers would have to exert themselves or lose business. Without a great home market neatly tied up and handed over to them, the pursuit of commerce might be as vexatious to them as to the British firearm makers.

The Gentle Critic

EVERY now and then, some organ of literary opinion, whose own critical columns flow with milk and honey, laments that book reviews have become almost universally as sweetly gushing as a young ladies' pink tea. Some cloyed authors of our acquaintance fairly long—or feign to—for a good, inspiring, joint-loosening jolt, such as was the common meed of authorship in the splendid old days of the Scotch and English quarterlies. It is pointed out that the critical bludgeon made Byron a real poet and that a great English literature developed coincidentally with it.

We think this bloodthirsty view quite mistaken. The old slashing review has gone to join the rack for a good reason. Experience demonstrated that severe punishments did not deter crime. Burglary was as common when the penalty was death as now. Our juvenile courts are admittedly the best criminological achievement of the age. In these juvenile courts delinquency is met, not with brutal reprobation and condign reprisal, but with mercy and kindness.

Criticism with us is informed by the same humane and, as we think, truly sagacious spirit. Most publishers say, in confidential moments, that reviews of a novel by a new author have scarcely anything to do with its sale. Indeed, they go further and say that, in most cases, nothing has anything to do with its sale, for it doesn't sell. Why, in the name of goodness, employ a meat axe upon him, when, in almost all cases, he may safely be left to the saving influence of time and of such reflections as will arise when he gets his statement of royalties? In whatever cases literary delinquency does not cure itself, the critic is powerless, for the trashy book that succeeds—that is, gains public favor—sells in spite of him.

Let the critic be ever kind, we say, remembering that, in the final equation, his criticism is even less important than the book upon which it operates.

Apprenticing the Boy

"I'VE drilled just so many holes in just that one part for four years, and I've never yet seen the machine that part goes into," said a young man in a big shop recently. That young man, of course, is not learning to be a machinist. His work has no educational value. The apprentice to a country blacksmith is better off.

The degree to which this same stunting specialization obtains in many big shops is, probably, not generally understood. The great offices of finance and commerce are often overrun with applications from high-school youths who are eager to apprentice themselves to a flourishing concern and whose parents think that employment in the famous bank or counting-house must afford exceptionally valuable opportunities for a business education. This view is mistaken. The great office must inevitably be a highly-specialized machine shop. The apprentice is set to "drilling just so many holes in just one part." If there is any educational value in his work it is exceedingly small.

Of three notably successful men who happened to die almost simultaneously not long ago, one began his business career as a newsboy, one as "peanut artist" on a passenger train, the third as clerk in a grocery.

Were we asked to select three business openings for city youths without capital or technical training we should give very careful consideration to the claims of these three callings. Each of them schools the youth in dealing directly with men, prompts him to develop his own initiative and exercise his own judgment. These are the great points.

Learning bits of formulæ of which one sees neither the beginning nor the end is a hard way, indeed, to try to get an education.

The Good Citizen's Joke

A RICH man whom we know was overheard the other day to say: "Ran over to New York yesterday in my automobile. Had a fine ride. Took a bunch of money along for fines; but it only cost me thirty dollars." Then he laughed, and his companion laughed with him.

Both of these men are what is known as good citizens. Both of them have made their money for themselves in a business which is regarded as eminently respectable and which, so far, has escaped challenge by Federal or State legislation. Both men have the reputation of living orderly lives, paying their bills promptly and observing the rules of square dealing and polite conduct. Both of them vote regularly in the interest of what is known as good government.

In other words, both of these men, by the conduct of their business and by their ballots at the polls, declare themselves for the observance of those laws by which society is supposed to govern itself. Of these laws, certain very necessary ones prescribe the rate of speed at which any vehicle may travel over the public highways, and require that certain precautions shall be taken by the driver of such vehicle against doing an injury to any other user of the highway.

Yet, one of these men, according to his own statement, deliberately set out on his journey with the intention of paying no attention whatever to those laws, and furnished himself with money in order to minimize any delay or other inconvenience to himself, should he be caught at his law-breaking, as he expected he would be, and as, in fact, he was.

The proposition presented by his case is not an agreeable one. It argues well neither for the efficiency of the laws themselves nor for the genuineness of his professions as a good citizen. Indeed, the circumstances do not permit us even to think that the good citizen broke the law under dire need or great provocation. Note what happened:

The good citizen, who had deliberately and repeatedly broken the law, mentioned that fact to his friend casually, as part of the day's doings. And the thought of escaping with thirty dollars fine was excruciatingly funny to him—to them both. It was so absurdly cheap. They laughed at it. And then they both forgot it—until next time.

The Fortunate Sculptor

THE sculptor seems to us more fortunate, nowadays, than any other artist, and Saint-Gaudens was notably fortunate among sculptors. We do not mean here the quality of his work, but the conditions under which it is seen.

Just loitering through Lincoln Park in Chicago, or along a street in New York or Boston, you come upon his monument to Lincoln, Sherman or Shaw, with a pleasant background of leafage. You may loaf in front of it as long as you like, or, if you please, stroll by with merely a long look. To see it has cost you no effort. You have not had to go to a particular place at a particular time. No great organization, involving walls, arched entrance, marble rotunda, diagrams or attendants, impresses upon you that you are engaged with a special, detached interest, nor suggests that here is a rare treat prepared for your edification at enormous pains and expense.

It is odd that for many men of middle age to see at ease a noble tree or look across a sunny meadow comes nearer to the heart's desire than any meed of love or ambition. The beauty offers itself tranquilly, not as a thing detached and apart, but as a whole. The concept of repose enters the mind without being ushered by a concept of effort.

It is singularly fortunate that the best works of the greatest American sculptor are seen under the same conditions as the tree and flower. Indeed, that good fortune is hardly less than the good fortune of having had so fine an artist.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Army Doctor

WHEN the time comes to embalm the United States Army in a comic opera, the wise librettist will write a song which will have for its refrain these lines:

If tacked to your name are the letters M. D.,
You may become the boss of the whole Armee.

And he will not be alluding exclusively to General Leonard Wood, either; for the Army has another doctor who has risen from a humble assistant-surgeonship to high place, and wasn't boosted by his friend, the President of the United States, either.

They used to say that General Henry C. Corbin was the best politician in the Army, and he was clever—there can be no doubt of that; for he kept himself in the Adjutant-General's office in Washington, where it was much pleasanter to live than at some army posts that might be mentioned, for years and years, and, finally, got to be a lieutenant-general. But Corbin was in the line, and, however good a politician he may have been, General F. C. Ainsworth, the man who succeeded him as military secretary and then became adjutant-general, with the rank of major-general, is much cleverer; for he began as a doctor, then took charge of a bureau, and finally landed at the top.

Ainsworth knows more about the Army than any man in it or out of it. He went in as an assistant surgeon in 1874, with the rank of first lieutenant. Some years later, he was placed in charge of the Record and Pension Office of the War Department. Then his career really began, for, after he arrived in Washington and took up his work, he developed his skill as a politician. With the exception of President Cleveland's two terms, Ainsworth has served under Republican Presidents. He is a Vermont Democrat, and Vermont Democrats are, necessarily, the pisenest kind, for there are not enough of them to be anything else. When a Vermont Democrat, who is a doctor, can do in the Army what Ainsworth has done for himself, it means that the aforesaid Vermont Democrat has been proceeding somewhat.

Fifty Million Cards on Soldiers

THE Record and Pension Office was established to furnish information to the Pension Office and to Congress concerning the men who fought on the Union side in the Civil War. All the thousands of documents, reports, lists, rolls and records of the great army in blue were collected there. It was the original custom to sort them out and make the compilations in books. Ainsworth stopped that. He devised the card-index system, and when he had finished the work and brought all the records down to date, he had used fifty million cards.

The military and medical record of every man who enlisted in the Union Army is in that office. It is invaluable. Suppose John Smith was a soldier, and his widow wants a pension. Application is made to the Pension Office. The Pension Office sends over to the Record and Pension Division, and there, on a card or a series of cards, is every bit of needful information about John Smith. The card tells when and where he enlisted, how old he was, who his next of kin were, where he was sent, where he fought, whether he was honorably or dishonorably discharged, and what became of him if he was killed in action or died in a hospital or in prison. These records establish the primary fitness for pension.

Ainsworth established this system, put it into operation and superintended the work for years. He was very busy, but he was not too busy to keep an eye on Congress and to make acquaintances up on the Hill. Whenever he wanted anything, he made his own campaign with Congress. His work was so marvelously efficient that Congress liked him, and he had little difficulty in shaping things as he wanted them.

His first great advance was made when a bill was passed making a bureau of his office and naming him for chief, with the rank of colonel. President Harrison vetoed this bill on the ground that he, alone, had the power to promote officers in the Army. This didn't phase Ainsworth. He was a major and he desired to be a colonel; so he had the bill passed again, leaving out of it any reference to himself. Then his friends in Congress turned in, and President Harrison signed the bill and salved his dignity by appointing Ainsworth to the place.

There were some murmurs of high honors that were being paid to a doctor who had "merely a clerical position," but Ainsworth paid little attention to them. He had his work in his bureau behind him, and he cultivated Congress so assiduously that most of the men who counted were for whatever he asked. He kept a sharp eye to the future, now and then getting a bill passed that would be of service to him. Presently, the Army awoke to the fact that this persistent, alert, capable doctor was a force

to be reckoned with, and growled some more. Ainsworth laughed, and kept his mind on his number every minute.

If Congress wanted any information about any feature of the Civil War, Ainsworth had it ready in a short time. His system was perfect. It not only saved the Government some five hundred thousand dollars a year, permanently, but it saved time, which is fully as valuable as money when a claims committee or a pension committee or a pension board wants to get away to dinner. Everybody leaned on Ainsworth for information, and Ainsworth was constantly on tap. He had no trouble about appropriations for his part of the Army's work. If there was any question raised in Washington about the records of the Civil War, it was always, "Ask Ainsworth," and there never was a time when Ainsworth couldn't answer right off the bat.

Meantime, Ainsworth was cementing himself to people who had the right kind of influence. He never overplayed his hand. At the time of the Spanish War there was a bill introduced making the chief of the Record and Pension Bureau a brigadier-general, so his rank might be commensurate with that of the chiefs of other bureaus. It passed. Why not? It was mere justice, but nearly everybody overlooked the fact that there were but three men in Ainsworth's corps. Still, that didn't matter. Ainsworth was a brigadier.

In the course of time the General Staff legislation came along, and there was much seesawing and whipsawing and double-crossing. When things were straightened out, General Corbin was assistant chief of staff, and retained his title of adjutant-general, which he kept until he retired.

Ainsworth had his glittering eye fixed on that adjutant-generalship.

Colonel Hall was serving as adjutant-general after Corbin went out to active duty, and Colonel Hall is the son-in-law of ex-Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky. Ainsworth knew it would make a row to have himself made adjutant-general over the head of Hall, and he devised or adopted the scheme of having the adjutant-general's office abolished and the office of military secretary created.

That sounded well. A compromise was fixed with Hall, who was made assistant military secretary, and the bill passed. Ainsworth was appointed military secretary, with the rank of major-general, and another long step had been taken by the Vermont doctor. Things went along for a time with the military secretaries pulling together as harmoniously as might be expected.

Then Ainsworth moved up another step. A bill was passed abolishing the office of military secretary, on the ground that the system did not work advantageously, and restoring the grade of adjutant-general.

Not a Holiday in Three Years

OF COURSE, he was appointed adjutant-general, and there he is now, major-general and adjutant-general, and the Army hasn't recovered yet, but is dumbly wondering how it all came about.

Meantime, Ainsworth hasn't taken a day of leave in three years. He is constantly on the job. If there are any further honors he will garner them and wear them with becoming modesty.

Beside him, all the other politicians in the Army are mere children. Watch Ainsworth; for he is young yet, and his ambition works twenty-four hours a day.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, is a doctor.

¶ Robert P. Porter, formerly Director of the Census, is now the American correspondent of the London Times.

¶ John McIlhenny, who has been appointed Civil Service Commissioner by the President, made his fortune manufacturing tabasco sauce in Louisiana.

YOUR SAVINGS

MONEY AND THE MONEY MARKET

SINCE all investment begins with money it is important that the investor with savings should know something about its functions and the very large part it plays in the whole business drama of the world. Few stop to realize that money, in one sense, is a commodity like wheat and corn, and, like wheat and corn, has a definite price put upon it. When it is scarce, like any other commodity, it is dear; when it is plentiful, it is cheap.

For centuries man has been measured by the amount of money he owned or controlled. The lending of money led to the organization of banks, and banks, with the asset called credit, which enables a man to buy or borrow on the strength of his good name or his ability, form the backbone of business. Money makes credit. The more money you have, other things being equal, the more credit you get. Credit expands the power of money and makes one dollar do the work of six.

Since money is a commodity it has a market, because, with any commodity, you must provide a place where it can be bought and sold and where its values are fixed. It is with the money market that the investor is concerned.

What the Money Market Is

When money is not used, as, for example, the hoardings of a miser, it is of no benefit to anybody. It is inert power. It is only when money is put out to work that it becomes of service, because then it earns more money. It may be invested or it may be loaned. Many investments comprise a form of loans. The money market is made possible by the fact that people and corporations are constantly needing money for their business and other people and banks are lending it to them. Since New York is the business centre, and since the New York banks make one-fifth of all the loans of the country, it is natural that that city should also be the financial heart of the nation. The money prices it makes are the prices that rule everywhere within the range of its influence.

Briefly stated, the money market is the place in which the borrowing and lending of money are done. The people who borrow pay a certain price for the use of it. This price is called interest. Thus interest rates figure very prominently in the transactions of the money market. In the popular mind, high interest rates are synonymous with usury. But high interest is sometimes the legitimate development of the money market.

With money you can usually make more money. Because business men and corporations are constantly in need of money, a demand for it is created, and it is this demand that fixes the price that people have to pay for it.

Many factors go toward shaping the state of the money market. For example, there has been recently, and still exists, a period of extraordinary prosperity, which has produced a great deal of money for a great many people. But this money has been absorbed in many ways, and what is ordinarily called "working capital" is used up. It has gone into new enterprises, enlarged business and railroad and industrial improvements. As a result money has become scarce, and when people want to borrow it—they may be individuals, cities or corporations—they have to pay a higher price for it than when it was plentiful.

Call and Time Loans

There are two important divisions in the money market which relate to what are commonly known as call and time loans. You see reference to these, and the interest they bring, on the financial pages of the newspapers every day.

Call money is money that is borrowed subject to call, or demand. It may be for one day or for three days. Usually, it is for one day. The price of call money is usually a pretty fair index of general stock-market conditions. When call money yields one, two or three per cent. interest, it is said to be "easy"; this means that it is plentiful. When it yields six, seven or eight per cent., it is said to be "firm." Then it is becoming less plentiful. When the price goes beyond ten per cent., it is said to be "stringent." It is then very scarce.

In times of great financial stringency call money has risen to extremely high prices. In August, 1860, for example, it went to 186. This does not mean that the man who borrowed one hundred thousand dollars had to pay one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars for it. But he had to pay for it at the rate of 186 per cent. a year.

Call-money rates are for the year. The usual rate for call money is from two to four per cent. Call money is used mostly by brokers or speculators who need a large sum of money for a short time. They need it badly, and they are willing to pay well for it.

Time loans, on the other hand, are just what the name indicates. In their case money is loaned for a certain time, usually thirty, sixty or ninety days. The interest rates on time money are usually higher than those on call money, for the reason that such loans keep the money out a considerable time and it is so prevented from being worked over again quickly. The interest on time money, under ordinary market conditions, ranges from five to six per cent.

In both call and time loans the borrower must deposit good collateral as security. This may be either stocks or bonds. For a loan of one hundred thousand dollars one would ordinarily deposit securities whose market value was not less than one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars. This is called "hypothecating" securities, and is a phrase that you often encounter in financial columns. It simply means offering stocks or bonds as security for money that is borrowed. In the event of the borrower not being able to pay the loan, the collateral is sold by the man or bank that loaned it. The banks that hold collateral keep a sharp watch on it. In case it is a time loan, there might be a "slump" or decline in the stock market, and then the securities offered as collateral would depreciate in value. The borrower who had deposited them would be called upon for more security to bring the total amount up to the original sum required.

Money Market and Investor

Many call and time loans are negotiated in New York through the medium of brokers, who for the most part are reputable business men who aid in the operation of large business deals. They know which banks or individuals have large sums of money to loan, and act as agents for them. Russell Sage was one of the great money lenders of Wall Street. He probably had more available cash than any other individual in the United States. Thus he was able to take advantage of sudden advances in the interest rates.

What is called a "tightening" of the money market is a scarcity of money. This may be due to a number of causes. You have already seen how the absorption of capital, due to widespread prosperity, may do it. There are other causes.

In the fall there is generally a tight market, because millions of dollars in actual cash must be sent from Wall Street to the West to "move the crops." In simpler terms, this money is to pay the hands that harvest the wheat, corn and other crops.

The exporting of gold in large quantities also causes a scarcity of specie and has a decided effect on the money market.

The United States Government often comes to the relief of the money market by extending loans to the banks that act as depositories, by depositing the customs receipts, or by buying bonds. Thus the required amount of money is put into circulation.

Another feature of the money market which is very complicated, and about which there is a wide, popular ignorance, is foreign exchange. To the layman foreign exchange ordinarily consists of exchanging the coin of one country for the coin of another. But, in reality, foreign exchange is merely an equalizing of credits between merchants or bankers who live in different countries. If an American merchant has a bill against an English merchant he executes a bill of exchange for it. Instead of sending it to London for collection he simply takes it to his New York banker, who cashes it, charging

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the current rates for foreign exchange. Then the New York banker who cashed it sends it to his London banking representative or correspondent to be held as a credit for some American merchant buying in England.

The money market affects the average investor in a very large way. If money is scarce and commanding a high rate of interest, the banks and individuals that have surplus funds will lend it out as cash because it yields a large return. They will not invest it in bonds, for example, which would yield a smaller return. What is the result? There is a falling off in the demand for bonds and a consequent decline in their price. This gives the average investor a good opportunity to get bonds at an attractive figure.

The great corporations that are constantly needing money must borrow in some way. They cannot borrow the actual cash at high rates. They cannot issue bonds which are not in demand. The result is that they must make their borrowing as attractive to the lender as possible. This is why so many short-term notes were issued this year. Money rates were high and people have not been buying bonds to the extent that they usually do. The short-term note pays a higher rate of interest than a bond.

IN THE OPEN

Animals in Books and Out of Them

THE good old summer time seems to have sizzled with the fake natural history controversy which President Roosevelt aroused anew by his public announcement of false Nature stories and his protest against their being used, as proposed by some of the school boards of education, for supplemental reading in natural history. For my part, I find it rather difficult to diagnose my real state of mind on this widely advertised discussion. No doubt that is because I have no naturalist's pretensions, and trust for direction to a fair amount of just ordinary common or garden sense. Whatever the reason, the fact is that I scarcely know whether to take the controversy seriously or to look upon it as a good joke on the educational boards that have been thus taken into camp by the publishers — and let it go at that.

The President and John Burroughs, who have been most prominently connected with exposing the fakes and the fakers, have taken the whole matter very seriously, indeed, and I suppose, if the truth were told, that is the way we should all view the attempts to trick the children into accepting spurious natural history data. When the classic Little Red Riding-Hood is ruthlessly tossed aside and our children asked to believe in philanthropic wolves, it does really seem to be about time that some one called a halt; and it is a good thing that the President, whose voice will carry around this country at least, should have spoken so plainly. To expose the true character of the fake natural history which certain educational boards wish to hand out to the children under the guise of true animal stories is assuredly doing the American people a good turn.

A Dull Epidemic

We have had an epidemic of "true" animal stories from the day that a plain bird naturalist-artist evolved into Seton-Thompson-Thompson-Seton to endow the wild animals that he had known with all the moral, not to say religious, perceptions of man, and thus to introduce them to the fiction-reading public.

Some of the crop has been dull as stories, and the ones which have afforded us the greatest entertainment have so taxed our credulity with extravagant claims as scarcely to outlive their welcome among those of us that have passed the fairy-tale period of literary food. It is human, I suppose, to lose patience with an author who delights us with his style and offends us at the same time with his assumption that we are so gullible as to accept as his actual observation, so he assures us, the startling doings of his animal kind; but I am not so sure that our annoyance isn't more because of his interrupting the good reading we were getting out of his book than because of his endeavors to make over our natural history.

I do not believe any of us cares a hang how extraordinarily the Seton-Thompson-Long-London animals perform just so long as their feats are entertainingly told and no attempt is made to make us swallow the fiction as new facts in natural history. If the Seton-Thompson animals are given to soliloquy, and the Long animals to surgery, they, after all, differ very little from the Æsop genus upon which we have been brought up, and we can accept them with pleasure if their creators will only not rob them of their fairylike character. That is all we ask: leave our natural history alone, let us enjoy the animal-story fiction for the attractive fiction that it is, and do not try to palm it off on the children as the real thing in Nature study.

The Daring of the Author

It is not necessary to particularize where several are equally guilty, but this action of the President in laying bare the fakes of the fakers has brought to light an astounding revelation of the daring with which the most popular of the modern animal-story writers have drawn on the realms of fancy and clothed the result with the garb of realism. The verity of the animal tale of our childhood was never questioned, and its sponsor was satisfied with an appeal to our imagination; but this new brand of "true" animal-story tellers, whom the President and John Burroughs class as Nature fakers, seem not to be satisfied with achieving such results, but seek in addition to pose as successful explorers in the science of natural history. What they put forth as discovery is not lacking in remarkable quality—but it has been condemned by men of genuine knowledge and experience wherever expounded. Without straying from the humble path of the layman I think I may, in the circumstances, make so bold as to venture the mild assertion that, within the last ten years, more flapdoodle has been written as true animal stories than in all the long generations which reach into the dim past of nursery literature.

Perhaps, the element in this new kind of animal story which has most impressed me, as a fairly intelligent reader of some small experience in the woods, is the intimacy obviously existing between the shyest animals and the animal-story writers. Not only do the wildest of the wild with no embarrassment go through their performance under the eyes and the implied prompting of the observer, but some of the most wary change their habitual prowling under cover of night and frisk about in the broad light of day for the benefit of the true animal-story writer who wants to get his natural history at "first hand," while some even go so far in their desire to be the better understood by the man-animal as to explain, in Esperanto monologue, to the half-concealed interpreter, their slightest sensations under the various conditions of hunger, pursuit and death.

It seems only necessary for one of these authors to go into the woods, and the animals hurry to gather and to disport themselves; those that are accustomed ordinarily to move about singly come in pairs or groups of half-dozens, while those that have deserted that particular section of country scamper back post-haste in their eagerness to answer the roll-call and have their true characters revealed to the people by this new teller of animal tales.

It is, therefore, evident that not only are these new students of animal life possessed with the irresistible call of the wild, but they are also odorless, and diaphanous (not to say transparent), and move noiselessly through the woodland ether. These are all very wonderful attributes, but no more wonderful than the stories which such abnormal traits and such unheard-of opportunities for getting the ear, so to say, of animal kind, enable them to weave. It is a fortunate thing that such weird gifts of temperament are not bestowed generously and especially among the game-killers, else we should know too

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much and soon lose every last one of the American wild animals which already are too rapidly disappearing.

Men who have spent all their lives in the woods, either in trapping or in hunting the wild folk for purposes of photography, or of observation, tell me that the frequency and the numbers of animals accredited to the sight of these story tellers can only be explained by some such supernatural process. The little animals of the half-wild land, squirrels, rabbits, porcupines, woodchucks, skunks, weasels are often visible to knowing eyes for purposes of study, but the real denizens of the forest that belong to the cat family are rarely seen; so rarely as to make almost a companion story to that one of the Nature fakers which records such repeated and intimate views.

Wolves, which appear to be a favorite subject of the new type of animal-story writers, are known to be the most suspicious and most difficult to approach or to trap of all the animals in North America. I know men, several of them, who have spent a quarter of a century each in wilderness wandering and study in sections where the wolf makes his habitat, and have not seen one wolf for every two years of looking. But the authors that the President has denounced as fakers of natural history see wolves, as many of them as they get time to write about, on every few weeks' trip they make into the woods.

Apparently, the usually sly, skulking wolves abandon their real character for the moment to give the Nature faker copy.

Between the fairy story of the imaginative member of this new kind of animal interpreter, and the technical article of the scientific naturalist, there is room for true and trustworthy pictures and stories of the life and the habits of wild animals. Not only is there room for such an interpreter, but there is actual need of him, for the majority of scientists are too dull and dry, and the popular authors of "true" animal stories have quite robbed us of any confidence in the accounts which they publish as actual observation and for which they claim a new adjustment of natural history. The most dependable and the most interesting comment on wild animal life which we now have outside of a few naturalists who, like Burroughs and Chapman (to cite two of the leaders of thought in this field), charm as well as instruct us, is to be found in the hunting-exploring-travel articles which come from men who lose themselves in the wilderness from time to time because of wanderlust, or love of Nature, or the hunting instinct, or some other equally strong impelling force. Not all this kind write interestingly, more's the pity, nor is the story of every hunter to be taken in full faith—this field has also its fakers—but truth marks the average hunter's tale, and some of them have the gift of entertaining. —"FAIR-PLAY."

STAGE CONDITIONS IN AMERICA

(Concluded from Page 4)

the pit." That actor could feel, and could make others feel. Command of feeling does not imply lack of feeling: it only denotes mastery of art; and the stage-director who does not remember that elemental truth is strangely forgetful. The actor would not live long—and, meanwhile, would have no control over his audience—who, night after night, should allow himself to be convulsed and shattered by the literal, actual realization, in his own person, of the terrible emotions of Othello or Lear. The heart is by no means greater than the head. The effect in acting must be produced by the operation of the brain working through the imagination and maintaining absolute supremacy over the feelings and over all the instruments of expression.

There is no such being in existence as "a merely brainy actor." Persons of cold, abstract intellect—the Herbert Spencer order of men—do not seek the stage; but "intelligence" often does, and it is never "secondary." The most intellectual actor of whom there is record was the late Henry Irving; but, while he was a man of extraordinary mind, he was also a man of deep heart. Mediocrity, rebuked by his greatness, while resentfully conscious of his intellectual force, would deny to him the possession of feeling; but the fact is that his emotion was prodigious—only, it was perfectly controlled. When he acted Charles I, or Doctor Primrose, he held his auditors in breathless suspense, and often they were weeping, all over the theatre; and the cause of that effect was that his "intelligence" was first, not "secondary"; that the great actor knew how to use his feeling, and was not himself subdued by it.

The View from the Front

The competent stage-manager will prescribe the general "business" of the play, will courteously maintain a rightful discipline in the dramatic company, will see that the scenery and dresses are correct, and will carry through a dramatic representation in accordance with a prescribed plan. The most essential service that such a functionary can do—while striving to make the actors harmonious, and, if possible, happy, in their stage relations and in the fulfillment of their duties—is to watch the performance from the front; to note its virtues as well as its defects; and, while he suggests rectification of the faults, to cheer his company by recognition of the merits.

The actor is always better for sensible, sincere encouragement, and it ought practically to be remembered that he should be allowed to express his own ideal of a part—unless that ideal be manifestly and demonstrably wrong—and should not be constrained to fetter and stultify himself by striving to embody the ideal formed by another mind and arbitrarily thrust upon him. Suggestion may prove useful to an actor, but no person can be taught to act. The executive dramatic faculty is born, not made. In former times, while the stage-manager maintained the requisite discipline of the stage, the actor was not only allowed but expected to use his mind, and to play his part according to his own ideal of what it ought to be.

After the star system had been established it became customary for the star to express his wishes as to "stage business" and for the auxiliary actors to "support" him according to his desire. Some of the stars, such as the elder Booth, were often indifferent as to the proceedings of associate players, and their acting suffered injury because of their indifference.

An old friend of mine, Clifton W. Tayleure, long since dead, told me that, in his youth, he once had to play a little part with the elder Booth in Richard III, and that, having entered on the wrong side of the scene, he, presently, went to the great actor and humbly apologized for his blunder, to which, he said, Booth kindly answered: "Young man, it makes no difference to me: only come on. *I'll find you.*" Other actors, like Macready and Barry Sullivan, were arrogant, dictatorial and harshly exacting; others, like Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack and John McCullough, were courteous and considerate. Later, there came a time when either the indolence of the star or the ignorance of the speculative manager opened a lucrative way for the incubus of the "producer," and that superfluity has become grafted on the stage.

A radical error in the stage-management of the late Augustin Daly (who was a superb stage-director) arose from his propensity to insist that every part should be acted in strict accordance with his personal view of it. "If my actors will only do exactly what I tell them to do," he once said to me, "I will never complain of them." It often happened that his views were correct, that his suggestions were excellent, and that his actors could not have taken a wiser course than the one he prescribed; but the iron-clad application of his rule—or of any man's rule—would inevitably efface individuality in an actor and convert him into a machine. There is a more or less prevalent notion that acting consists in obliteration of the actor by means of consummate disguise. That notion is erroneous. A personation of Hamlet by Edwin Booth should possess the spiritual quality of Edwin Booth, not that of Mr Brown; just as a painting by Murillo should possess the spiritual quality of Murillo, not that of Mr. Jones. The assumption of character is not the effacement of an actor. The secret of success—if there be a secret—is style.

Acting is an art, not a business. That is the crux of the present condition of the American theatre. For the tradesmen who now practically control it (allowance being duly and gratefully made for an occasional exception) success is determined and measured, solely and exclusively, by the standard of the box office; in a word, by money. Those persons do not and cannot understand that any human being, unless bereft of his senses, would even dream of sacrificing the possibility of financial profit for the sake of sustaining and promoting one of the fine arts. They do not even comprehend the fact that, under judicious management, financial profit, sufficient to satisfy reasonable expectation and moderate desire, is entirely compatible with an artistic administration of the theatre, such as would insure the one desirable result—good plays, well acted.

In the history of the English stage there is, of course, a record of hardship and loss; but there is also a record of prosperity and gain. Garrick and Kemble made fortunes in England; Booth and Jefferson made fortunes in America; and all of them practically respected their profession, and did nothing base. The same line of conduct is practicable now, and there is no reason to doubt that it would, in time, meet with recognition and recompense—for human nature remains unchanged, and the appeal to its finer sense cannot ever be made entirely in vain.

Such a line of conduct, however, is not to be expected in a mercenary period. The stage has "fallen on evil days." The pendulum may swing forward again, by and by, and the tide may rise again, but no indications are now visible that a change for the better is near at hand. Every denotement, on the contrary, is indicative of the decline of romance and the growth of vulgarity and greed. Combinations have been made to control all the theatres of the country according to the policy of the close corporation. The number of regular theatres will be reduced. The number of music-halls, under the name of vaudeville, will be augmented—and the music-hall is the deadly foe of the theatre.

The Forlorn Hope of the Stage

The race of trained, accomplished, competent actors, rapidly dwindling, will soon have passed away, and no new actors of equal qualification are rising to fill the void. Richard Mansfield, E. S. Willard, John Hare, Edward Terry, Ellen Terry, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, and a few others, survivors of a better time, may, perhaps, for a little while keep alive the memory of the finer traditions of acting; but it will be only for a little while. The stage, already "orientalized," will, more and more, be devoted to ornate spectacle, "crank" experiment, and all forms of fad and folly that the ingenuity of the "amusement" monger can invent.

"I keep a department store," says Mr. Charles Frohman.

"The dollar-sign is the sign of success," says Mr. Henry Miller.

"I shall make another million out of my three plays," exclaims Mr. David Warfield.

"Give the pee-pul what they want," vociferates the whole chorus of button-making speculators, all over the land; and the obvious "want" of the pee-pul, considering what they accept, in all our great cities, would seem to be trash.

Such are the conditions that environ the American actor. To say this is to incur the obloquy of being "a back number," "a reactionary" and "a worshiper of the past." So be it. Yet it happens that the writer of these words has, for half a century, advocated every movement tending to advance the welfare of the stage and, as far as possible, the recognition of every actor who has shown a spark of genius or an impulse of noble design. There are actors now—few in number, but fine in talent—for example, Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothern, N. C. Goodwin and Otis Skinner—whom it is a delight to honor, and who have no reason to complain of lack of appreciation: actors by whom, if their powers could only be practically and successfully combined, the vocation of acting and the administration of the theatre might be rescued from the rapacious hands of trade; but, for the present, and until the public mind is chastened and purified by calamity and suffering, as inevitably it will be, they are powerless to accomplish any reform.

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LITERARY FOLK
THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

Believes He is a Genius

THE most widely-discussed young literary man in the United States to-day is George Sylvester Viereck, the poet. Not in a decade, perhaps, has any young person been so unanimously accused of being a genius. And Viereck agrees very heartily with his accusers. At twenty-two years of age he has produced a volume of verse that has kicked up more controversy and inspired more "letters to the editor" than any similar book in years. In a way, it is the Keats episode all over again, but with the characteristic twentieth-century exception, aptly expressed by Viereck as follows: "I want to be heard while I am living, and I don't want to starve. I believe in activity, even if it is about myself."

Unlike the shy and sensitive poet of tradition, Viereck does not object to acting as his own press-agent or to hitching his chariot to the star of exploitation. In fact, this excessive overflow of himself has made him a literary exhibit without precedent, even in an age of "best-selling" fictionists, who sometimes write with torches.

Some one asked Viereck the other day if he minded the criticism that was being heaped upon his young head; whereupon he pointed to his face, which was freshly sunburned. "That is the only roast I ever got that hurt," he said.

Viereck has had an interesting career. His father, Louis Viereck, who was a member of the German Reichstag for years, came to the United States ten years ago to become a correspondent of a Berlin newspaper. Now, he conducts a German monthly. His mother was a native of California. The poet was educated at the public schools and was subsequently graduated from the College of the City of New York. At thirteen he had written prose for the German newspapers. His first poems, which were published in German, attracted the attention of critics. It was not until the publication of his volume in English, which contained translated versions of his earlier work and some more ambitious poems, that the storm-clouds of alternate praise and condemnation broke about him.

Viereck has to work for his living, and is an associate editor of one of the leading reviews. There is no fine frenzy about him unless he is talking about himself. He is short, blond and fair, with blue eyes and distinctively Teutonic features.

Asked the other day how it felt to be labeled a genius and to be "shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne and Keats," as one of his enthusiastic critics has said of him, he replied: "I can bear the laurels lightly." Napoleon is one of his favorite figures. Speaking of Napoleon, he said: "I suppose Napoleon would have bored me, for he would have wanted to talk constantly about himself, and I would have wanted to do the very same thing."

Viereck has just completed a novel entitled The House of the Vampire, which will be published this autumn. He says that it solves the problem of literary absorption. His theory is that most great men of genius absorb the talent of other people. In succeeding novels for he will abandon verse for a brief interval—he will, to use his own words, "solve the problem of good and bad, and the social problem."

Despite the flood of conflicting opinion about his work and the incessant play of his own personality, the fact remains that he has the promise of real power.

Cheap Fiction

THE publishers who are bewailing the decreased sales of fiction should remember two things: first, that few novels now written are really worth the published price of $1.50; second, that the fifty-cent reprints of popular novels have educated (or debased, whichever you choose) the book-buying public.

In England the three-volume novel is classed with the dodo, and its six-shilling successor will before long be exhibited, under glass, in the British Museum, to lovers of antiquities.

Publishers will learn that one hundred thousand novels sold on the basis of a fifty-cent list price will yield greater profits than two thousand at $1.50. The authors will coöperate with them on the principle of small profits and large sales. Standardized methods of manufacturing and a more intelligent and, therefore, more economical system of marketing the books will follow by a natural process of evolution.

Cheap novels prevail now; but lower-priced novels will mark the future.

Gertrude Atherton's Return

GERTRUDE ATHERTON recently returned to the United States, after a long stay abroad, which was distinguished by two events: her quarrel with the London Times, in which, in effect, she is said to have told that staid, old newspaper what she thought of it; and the completion of a novel to which the culminating and most dramatic event is the fall of San Francisco.

New literary lights and "best sellers" may rise, blink and then go out; but Mrs. Atherton maintains the integrity of her position. She was born in California, educated in California, and has written all around the world. Left a widow at an early age, she determined on a literary career. But she studied life first. She is healthy, a brilliant talker, and has a most engaging personality. For some years she has had a home at Munich, in Germany, where she has done most of her recent literary work. She is one of the few successful women novelists who write their stories from the beginning on the typewriter Most of them write out the novel first by long-hand and, then, have it copied or dictate it to a stenographer. Mrs. Atherton has the newspaper man's idea that the best way to write your story is to do it right on the machine.

Mrs. Atherton expects to spend some time in the United States. She has not been to California since the earthquake and fire, through which ordeal she passed. To her the city by the Golden Gate is a character that has lived, died, and will never come back again. Incidentally, Mrs. Atherton believes that the tendency of fiction is toward timeliness. "Love," she said the other day, "is ceasing to be the principal theme, but will be one of the necessary things. The novels of the future will be hinged on world events and pressing problems."

The Youthful Barry

FOR picturesqueness and variety of experience, Richard Barry is in a class by himself. He had produced a novel when he was barely nineteen years of age. It was written in a newspaper office at the rate of a chapter a day, and each installment was whirled off to the printer as soon as it was written. At twenty-three he had recorded one of the memorable modern feats of war correspondence, the putting through of the first big story of the fall of Port Arthur. He recently backed this up with a "human document" book about the war.

Now, at twenty-five, he is longing for new worlds to conquer. Incidentally, he is writing a novel. His home is in his typewriter and his ambition is world-wide.

Barry has overcome a good many rebuffs. One of these occurred just before he started for the Orient. He had been working as reporter on the Los Angeles Times. He went to General Harrison Gray Otis, who owned the paper, and said: "I want to go to the war as correspondent."

The old man looked at him for a minute and answered "You want to get into the papers, do you?"

"Yes," replied Barry

"Well," said the General, "go over and get shot. We'll give you half a column."

HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

Rode Pegasus for a Prize

I AM a Methodist preacher. Some time ago I concluded to save a part of my small salary each month that I might have something to keep myself and family in old age. At the end of the first month I had by close economy saved and put away twenty-five dollars.

One day I picked up a standard magazine which is published in New York City. In looking through it my eye was caught by an advertisement which read something like this:

> Song Poems Wanted—We Pay Big Royalty
>
> Publish and popularize. We write music to words, arrange, and secure copyright, free of charge. A successful song will make you rich. If you have written a song poem, send it to us at once. We charge nothing for examination, and, if not what we want, we will return.

"That's just what I've been looking for," I said to myself. I had written what I considered a pretty little song poem one day during my leisure moments, more to please my fancy and to satisfy a somewhat poetic nature than anything else. So I at once put this treasured poem into an envelope and forwarded it to the company, my heart beating high with the hope that I would soon realize a snug sum of money from it.

In a few days a letter came from the music publishers which contained the following: "The song poem you sent us was exceedingly clever, and, when set to music and published, will no doubt make a hit. In fact, yours is the best song poem we have examined for a long time. Now, if you will send us twenty-five dollars, the cost of getting out plates and printing professional copies of the song, we will assume all expense of writing suitable music to the words, copyrighting, etc., and pay you a royalty of forty per cent. on all copies sold."

Of course, I sent them the money I had saved. I was very confident that I would soon be in comfortable financial circumstances, for the company informed me in an inclosed circular that a successful song often netted the writer five thousand dollars.

But I was disappointed. The music company was never heard from again. After many pressing letters were sent them, I did receive a sample copy of my song, but it was poorly gotten up. No royalty has ever been received, and I am sure never will be, for I have learned that the company had no facilities whatever for introducing a song. Thus my first month's savings were lost.

Since then I have been investing my money in loans and real estate. Last year I bought some lots in a suburban town. The street-car line has recently been extended from the city to this little village, and my lots have already increased in value. —*W. D. N.*

A School-Ma'am's Savings Gone

I AM a superannuated old maid schoolma'am. Some twenty-odd years ago it occurred to me that I ought to be laying something by for old age, and, a building and loan association having been started in our little town, I subscribed for ten shares of stock for which I paid in five dollars monthly.

Out of a forty-dollar salary five dollars is a pretty big investment, and it required self-denial and economy to enable me to keep up the payments. In something less than ten years the stock matured and I became the almost incredulous owner of $1000.

Are Your Sox Insured?

"That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee *to wear six months without holes.*

OUR GUARANTEE:

We guarantee [illegible] pair of Holeproof Hose [illegible] they need darning, or become unsightly in appearance, within 6 months from date of sale to wearer, we will replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer

You pay no more for them than the ordinary kind, but get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear for Six Months Without Holes

Men's Holeproof Sox

[illegible] Holeproof Sox are for sale here [illegible] carried six months guarantee ticket with each pair Per box of six pairs $2.00

Women's Holeproof Stockings

[illegible] Holeproof Stockings are for sale here [illegible] Per box of six pairs $2.00

How To Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery [illegible] deceives you with inferior goods

Write for Free Booklet

If you want to know how to [illegible] away with darning and discomfort, [illegible] and what delighted wearers say. The booklet is free for the asking.

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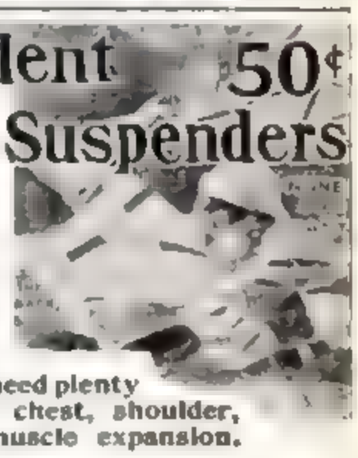

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President Suspenders are easy—the back slides with every move. No pulling or tugging, no strain—which means not only most comfort, but longest service, for there's nothing to weaken them. It really means Economy to pay 50 cents for President Suspenders instead of buying a half dozen pairs of 25 cent suspenders, which won't wear as long as a single pair of Presidents.

For men there are LIGHT MEDIUM and HEAVY weights. EXTRA LONG for tall men. Young men should ask for LIGHTWEIGHT LISLE Presidents, regular size.

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The next question was—how to invest it. I was shamefully ignorant of the ways of business, as most women are, and I had no near male relatives upon whose counsel I could rely. I studied the stock-market reports, but I comprehended them not. The newspapers and magazines of the day overflowed with advertisements of brokers and real-estate agents in the far West, soliciting loans secured by mortgage on real estate and bearing interest from seven to ten per cent. This was what I wanted, and I finally wrote to an advertising firm in a Western city who responded promptly, inviting investigation and offering me for my $1000 a mortgage on a house in their city worth $3000 which would pay me seven per cent. interest.

I did not send the money until I had "investigated." I wrote to the postmaster requesting information as to the standing of my correspondents; response entirely favorable. Then I wrote to the recorder of deeds requesting information as to the value of the property in question, and as to its ownership; the response in this case also was satisfactory.

Finally I sent the money and received in return note and mortgage as agreed upon. For seven years the interest was paid promptly, without default. Then came a time when the payment due did not arrive; there was more correspondence with requests for delay and promises of ultimate payment. At last I received notice that the owner of the property had failed; his estate was in the Bankruptcy Court, and I must take my chances with other creditors.

The business now was clearly beyond my depth and it was necessary to engage a lawyer. My home lawyer placed the matter in the hands of a firm of lawyers, the first result being a notice that taxes on the property were due and must be paid, also that a renewal of insurance was desirable. To meet these expenses I sent fifty dollars to the Western lawyers.

I must not lengthen my story by telling of the worries and anxieties of the two years that elapsed before the accounts were—what the lawyers called—settled. Sufficient to say that, of my ten hundred and fifty dollars plus lost interest, I received in full settlement just $267.75, out of which I paid my home lawyer's fees.

What the property sold for, and what the expenses were for which the balance of my money was expended, I never found out.

—*V. D. R.*

WHERE WE GO TO BE AMUSED

(Continued from Page 9)

comes along, he can always get a profitable engagement. They are strong on the occult at Newport. They like to delve into hidden mysteries. Let a swarthy person with a turban and a line of talk about Babism appear, and his pleasant summer is assured.

The high-water mark was reached when one enormous plutocrat brought from New York a whole comic-opera company, with enlarged chorus and pony ballet, up to his dinner, and the guests had a merry, merry time for two hours, and forgot one another and themselves, ever and anon chucking priceless orchids—orchids are always priceless, you know—and buttered buns at those on the stage who met their fancy.

Vaudeville artists have been held in high favor. It was so perfectly killing to have Swat and McSwat bounce in after the fillet and beat one another over the head with slap-sticks to the accompaniment of dialogue like this: "Who was that I seen you on the street with this mornin'?" "That was my wife." "Gee, I thought it wuz a dawg." That's the kind of stuff that rouses the Newport intellect.

They have fancy-dress balls, too, where the only requirement is that everybody shall spend as much as possible on costumes. It doesn't make any difference what the costume is. It is only absolutely necessary that one shall have squandered money regardless on it. Novelty is the cry, and if you cannot be really novel, be as novel as you can be. Of course, it may be said that a fancy-dress ball is a reasonably well-known form of entertainment; but when a charming débutante packs in a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of seed pearls on a costume made to represent "the Diver," something has been attained, to say the least.

All these are mere diversions. The real, substantial, consuming occupation of Newport is bridge whist. It has superseded everything. Year before last, bridge was played in the various houses, but that grew irksome, and the ladies rented the little rustic cottage that is known as the Travers' place, out by Gooseberry Island, and played there. This was more convenient and enabled the winners to detain the losers until settlements were made. This year the Ladies' Bridge Whist Club has branched out. The Bennett house, opposite the Casino, has been rented, and the game goes on every afternoon. Facility at bridge makes for social distinction. It also helps out for expenses, for Newport plays for high stakes and demands rigid settlement.

Bridge has changed the entire social aspect of the place. The dinners are rushed through so the game may begin. It is as impossible to rank well in Newport and not play bridge as it is for a mere outsider to land on one of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dinner-lists. The afternoon game at the club-house begins at luncheon-time and lasts until dinner-time. It is feverish and exciting. Women gamble with an intensity not seen in a men's club-house, and they all gamble. At night they scatter for their various engagements, but as soon as the last course is hurried through they start in again. The colony is bridge crazy.

Losses, according to common report, are large enough, but necessity has curtailed the plunging of some of the devotees. Newport is very poor this year. They were asking conundrums in the Reading-Room—the exclusive men's club—and one sad young man propounded this: "When is a millionaire not a millionaire?"

"In 1907," groaned everybody there in chorus.

That was the right answer. It seems that many of our leading millionaires—particularly our leading Newport millionaires—are in deplorable conditions of poverty. Some of them positively do not know where their next million is coming from. They are trying to hide their misfortunes as best they can, but there are certain evidences of distress that cannot be concealed. Several members of the colony who have not been mentioned in print in years except as conspicuous examples of our most exclusive plutocratic set have been seen on the Shore Drive this season in last year's make of automobiles. One well-upholstered plute has been obliged to buy his cigarettes of a vulgar tradesman, instead of having them made especially for himself with gold monograms on them, and his wife has her hair done by the lady from the store in the Casino instead of by her own private and personal hairdresser. The pinch is so acute that the best one host could do in the way of entertainment for the few minutes of the dinner before the bridge tables were brought out was to hire a troupe of negro minstrels. Compare that with a whole comic-opera company—and this black-face attempt was made by a Pittsburg millionaire, at that!

One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and neither does the other half, as has been observed by some philosopher; but this revelation of the pathetic situation among the Newport millionaires will certainly awaken pity in every breast. Locked behind the bronze doors of their seventy-five-room cottages—at such times as they are not playing bridge—they are suffering acutely. Many a society queen has wept for hours in her boudoir over the shame of coming to Newport with thirty trunks, when she should have brought a hundred. So desperate are the straits in some households that the Pomeranians are fed on common dog-biscuits, and their special nurses compelled to look after the children also.

Take the Newport view, and it is a crime for a millionaire to lose money. The idea is firmly rooted in those Newport minds that the elect are guaranteed great fortunes by the Constitution—whatever that may be—and when the public breaks away from the traditions and scoffs at the entailments it naturally causes deep resentment. The stock market is primarily a place for the support of Newport. It causes much indignation at the Casino and the Reading-Room that Newporters should be harassed by the shrinkage in value of their securities simply because the absence of the public from the market caused a rich man's panic. Newport thinks it is the public's duty to maintain prices, to keep in the market for Newport's especial benefit. Inasmuch as the public has refused to do this for the present, Newport is feeling the pinch of poverty. It would exasperate any man to see his fortune shrink from twenty millions to ten, and to have his favorite security plunge from 287 to 89. Moreover, the residents of Newport are shrieking loudly. The market-man, who has been accustomed to send twenty pounds of meat to a marble castle and charge for a hundred, has discovered that these impoverished housewives are checking up the bills. The servants—and there are more servants in Newport than in any place of similar population in the world—are feeling the pangs.

One frugal lady, compelled by stern necessity to polish her own tiara, proclaimed that she would pay the caterer but forty-seven cents a day, each, for food for her retinue. Other frugal housewives grabbed at the idea. Economy is the watchword—except at bridge. The biggest New York jewelry store that has a branch in the Casino, knowing the situation, will not open this year, and the leading dressmaker—pardon, "Robes et manteaux"—who has been at Newport since there was a Newport, almost, will not show her wares. Oh, they are in desperate case—except at bridge!

They moan about it in private—this rich man's panic that has made them all so poor. They use it in their business, too; for one scion of a family that has been guilty of predatory wealth for a century earnestly told his coal dealer, to whom he owed two thousand dollars, that eight hundred of it was all he could pay, he was so impoverished. His fortune, he said, had been reduced from fifteen millions to half that amount, and he was utterly astonished when the coal dealer intimated that, in his opinion, even half of fifteen millions is a pretty fair amount of small change.

Still, the Newporters are an adaptable people. They are making the best of this frightful embarrassment. They are curtailing everywhere—except at bridge. If there is visiting to be done they hire Billy Corrigan for a dollar and a half an hour and ride with him with the same sense of superiority they had on view so conspicuously when they went out with coachman and tiger. Besides, Billy knows what is going on.

Newport does what it has to do. There was that time, a few years ago, when a gipsy fortune-teller wandered inside the iron gates of a vast estate and sought to tell the fortunes of the maids at the below-stairs door. She was a clever gipsy, and she told clever fortunes. Presently news of her accomplishments filtered upstairs, and some of the ladies sent for her. It was very dull that summer. Not a new fakir had happened along. The old palmists and clairvoyants and necromancers were worn out. They couldn't furnish a thrill.

The fortune-teller became popular. She went from place to place or, rather, from palace to palace—predicting destinies. One afternoon she was in a boudoir and she threw a fit and announced, "I see trouble coming," in a shivery sort of a voice. "Some gentleman who thinks another gentleman is too attentive to his wife will shoot the other gentleman at the Casino at nine o'clock on the night of the nineteenth of August."

It was all very trembly and exciting. Whom could it be? The gipsy gave the details. The aggrieved gentleman was to walk in and say, just like Corse Payton: "Ah, you villain, I have you now! Take that!" Then he was to shoot—bang! And the other gentleman was to die in terrible agony, right there on the floor, in the midst of all the gayety and merriment.

The gipsy had given ample warning. She made the prediction two weeks in advance of the gory event. Next day the whole colony was buzzing with the news. Whom was it to be? Those two weeks were full of excitement.

The night came, the fatal nineteenth of August. Ben Richards, who was then Chief of Police, had his entire force at the Casino, and he pressed in most of the

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members of the fire department as special officers. All was agog, as John Gilpin said in his dispatch. And a strange thing happened. There were more people at dinner on that night at the Casino than had been there at any one time for five years!

Nine o'clock arrived. Nobody was killed. Half-past nine. Nothing doing. If a waiter had dropped a tray it is impossible to predict what would have occurred, everybody was at such a strain. You see, the Newport folks knew Newport. Most of them were afraid to go to the Casino, but all of them went, because all of them were afraid to stay away. There is so much idle talk in a place like Newport, you know.

Still, that was but an incident. The Social Trust regarded it as a good joke, after it was all over, and good jokes are rare in Newport, except to the outsiders who go to look on for a time. Newport is oblivious to the rest of the world, doesn't give a polite hoot what the rest of the world thinks or says, but devotes all energies to the pursuit of pleasure. At the present time its idea of sublimated pleasure is bridge whist. Next year it may be something else, for the fever of winning and losing will burn itself out. Nor will the present pinch of poverty remain forever. The public will come back into the market as surely as the market remains for the public to come back to.

For it is the public's business to maintain these Newport fortunes as they are. What else is the public for?

HIS OWN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 7)

though I could not take the stand on that myself. Welch is the brains of the organization: you mightn't think it, but he's a very brilliant man—he might have made a great reputation in business if he'd been straight—and, with this woman's help, he's carried out some really astonishing schemes. His manner is clumsy; *he* knows that, bless you, but it's the only manner he can manage, and she is so adroit she can sugar-coat even such a pill as that and coax people to swallow it. I don't know anything about the Italian who is working with them down here. But a gang of the Welch-Vaurigard-Sneyd type has tentacles all over the Continent; such people are in touch with sharpers everywhere, you see."

"Yes," Cooley interpolated, "and with woolly little lambkins, too."

"Well," chuckled Cornish, "that's the way they make their living, you know."

"Go on and tell him the rest of it," urged Cooley.

"About Lady Mount-Rhyswicke," said Cornish, "it seems strange enough, but she has a perfect right to her name. She is a good deal older than she looks, and I've heard she used to be remarkably beautiful. Her third husband was Lord George Mount-Rhyswicke, a man who'd been dropped from his clubs, and he deserted her in 1903, but she has not divorced him. It is said that he is somewhere in South America; however, as to that I do not know."

Mr. Cornish put the very slightest possible emphasis on the word "know," and proceeded:

"I've heard that she is sincerely attached to him and sends him money from time to time, when she has it—though that, too, is third-hand information. She has been *déclassé* ever since her first divorce. That was a 'celebrated case,' and she's dropped down pretty far in the world, though I judge she's a good deal the best of this crowd. Exactly what her relations to the others are I don't know, but I imagine that she's pretty thick with 'em."

"Just a little!" exclaimed Cooley. "She sits behind one of the lambkins and Hélène behind the other while they get their woolly wool clipped. I suppose the two of 'em signaled what was in every hand we held, though I'm sure they needn't have gone to the trouble! Fact is, I don't see why they bothered about goin' through the form of playin' cards with us at all. They could have taken it away without that! Wheel" Mr. Cooley whistled loud and long. "And there's loads of wise young men on the ocean now, hurryin' over to take our places in the pens. Well, they can have *mine!* Funny, Mellin: nobody would come up to you or me in the Grand Central in New York and try to sell us greenbacks just as good as real. But we come over to Europe with our pockets full o' money and start in to see the Big City with Jesse James in a false mustache on one arm, and Lucresha Borgy under an assumed name on the other!"

"I am afraid I agree with you," said Cornish; "though I must say that, from all I hear, Madame de Vaurigard might put an atmosphere about a thing which would deceive almost any one who wasn't on his guard. When a Parisienne of her sort is clever at all she's irresistible."

"I believe you," Cooley sighed deeply.

"Yesterday evening, Mr. Mellin," continued the journalist, "when I saw the son of my old friend in company with Welch and Sneyd, of course I tried to warn him. I've often seen them in Paris, though I believe they have no knowledge of me. As I've said, they are notorious, especially Welch, yet they have managed, so far, to avoid any difficulty with the Paris police, and, I'm sorry to say, it might be hard to actually prove anything against them. You couldn't *prove* that anything was crooked last night, for instance. For that matter, I don't suppose you want to. Mr. Cooley wishes to accept his loss and bear it, and I take it that that will be your attitude, too. In regard to the note you gave Sneyd, I hope you will refuse to pay; I don't think that they would dare press the matter."

"Neither do I," Mr. Cooley agreed. "I left a silver cigarette-case at the apartment last night, and, after talkin' to Cornish a while ago, I sent my man for it with a note to *her* that'll make 'em all sit up and take some notice. The gang's all there together, you can be sure. I asked for Sneyd and Pedlow in the office and found they'd gone out early this morning leavin' word they wouldn't be back till midnight. And, see here; I know I'm easy, but somehow I believe you're even a softer piece o' meat than I am. I want you to promise me that whatever happens you won't pay that I O U."

Mellin moistened his lips in vain. He could not answer.

"I want you to promise me not to pay it," repeated Cooley earnestly.

"I promise," gasped Mellin.

"You won't pay it no matter what they do?"

"No."

This seemed to reassure Mr. Cooley.

"Well," he said, "I've got to hustle to get my car shipped and make the train. Cornish has finished his job down here and he's goin' with me. I want to get out. The whole thing's left a mighty bad taste in my mouth, and I'd go crazy if I didn't get away from it. Why don't you jump into your clothes and come along, too?"

"I can't."

"Well," said the young man with a sympathetic shake of the head, "you certainly look sick. It may be better if you stay in bed till evening: a train's a mighty mean place for the day after. But I wouldn't hang around here too long. If you want money, all you have to do is to ask the hotel to cash a check on your home bank; they're always glad to do that for Americans." He turned to the door. "Mr. Cornish, if you're goin' to help me about shippin' the car, I'm ready."

"So am I. Good-by, Mr. Mellin."

"Good-by," Mellin said feebly—"and thank you."

Young Cooley came back to the bedside and shook the other's feverish hand. "Good-by, ole man. I'm awful sorry it's all happened, but I'm glad it didn't cost you quite as much money as it did me. Otherwise I expect it's hit us about equally hard. I wish I wish I could find a *nice one*"—the youth gulped over something not unlike a sob—"as fascinatin' as her!"

Most people have had dreams of approaching dangers in the path of which their bodies remained inert; when, in spite of the frantic wish to fly, it was impossible to move, while all the time the horror crept closer and closer. This was Mellin's state as he saw the young man going. It was absolutely necessary to ask Cooley for help, to beg him for a loan. But he could not.

He saw Cooley's hand on the door-knob; saw the door swing open.

"Good-by, again," Cooley said; "and good luck to you!"

Mellin's will strove desperately with the shame that held him silent.

The door was closing.

"Oh, Cooley!" called Mellin hoarsely.

"Yes. What?"

"J-j-just good-by," said Mellin.

And with that young Cooley was gone.

IX

A MULTITUDINOUS clangor of bells and a dozen neighboring chimes rang noon; then the rectangular oblongs of hot sunlight that fell from the windows upon the carpet of Mellin's room began imperceptibly to shift their angles and move eastward. From the stone pavement of the street below came the sound of horses pawing and the voices of waiting cabmen; then bells again, and more bells; clamoring the slow and cruel afternoon into the past. But all was silent in Mellin's room, save when, from time to time, a long, shuddering sigh came from the bed.

The unhappy young man had again drawn the coverlet over his head, but not to sleep: it was more like a forlorn and desperate effort to hide, as if he crept into a hole, seeking darkness to cover the shame and fear that racked his soul. For though his shame had been too great to let him confess to young Cooley and ask for help, his fear was as great as his shame; and it increased as the hours passed. In truth his case was desperate. Except the people who had stripped him, Cooley was the only person in all of Europe with whom he had more than a very casual acquaintance. At home, in Cranston, he had no friends susceptible to such an appeal as it was vitally necessary for him to make. His relatives were not numerous: there were two aunts, the widows of his father's brothers, and a number of old-maid cousins; and he had an uncle in Iowa, a country minister whom he had not seen for years. But he could not cable to any of these for money; nor could he quite conjure his imagination into picturing any of them sending it if he did. And even to cable he would have to pawn his watch, which was an old-fashioned one of silver and might not bring enough to pay the charges.

He began to be haunted by fragmentary, prophetic visions—confused but realistic in detail, and horridly probable—of his ejectment from the hotel, perhaps arrest and trial. He wondered what they did in Italy to people who "beat" hotels; and, remembering what some one had told him of the dreadfulness of Italian jails, convulsive shudderings seized upon him.

The ruddy oblongs of sunlight crawled nearer to the east wall of the room, stretching themselves thinner and thinner, until finally they were not there at all, and the room was left in deepening grayness. Carriages, one after the other, in unintermittent succession, rumbled up to the hotel-entrance beneath the window, bringing goldfish for the aquarium from the music pond on the Pincio and the fountains of Villa Borghese. Wild strains from the Hungarian orchestra, rhapsodical twankings of violins and the runaway arpeggios of a zither crazed with speed-mania, skipped along the corridors and lightly through Mellin's door. In his mind's eye he saw the gay crowd in the watery light, the little tables where only five days ago he had sat with the loveliest of all the anemone-like ladies. . . .

The beautifully-dressed tea-drinkers were there now, under the green glass dome, prattling and smiling, those people he had called his own. And as the music sounded louder, faster, wilder and wilder with the gipsy madness—then in that darkening bedchamber his soul became articulate in a cry of humiliation:

"God in His mercy forgive me, how raw I was!"

A vision came before his closed eyes: the maple-bordered street in Cranston, the long, straight, wide street where Mary Kramer lived; a summer twilight; Mary in her white muslin dress on the veranda steps, and a wistaria vine climbing the post beside her, half-embowering her. How cool and sweet and good she looked! How dear—and how *kind!*—she had always been to him. . . .

Dusk stole through the windows: the music ceased and the tea-hour was over. The carriages were departing, bearing the

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gay people who went away laughing, calling last words to one another and, naturally, quite unaware that a young man, who, five days before, had adopted them and called them "his own," was lying in a darkened room above them, and crying like a child upon his pillow

X

AT TEN o'clock, a page bearing a card upon a silver tray knocked upon the door, and stared with wide-eyed astonishment at the disordered gentleman who opened it.

The card was Lady Mount-Rhyswicke's. Underneath the name was written,

> If you are there will you give me a few minutes? I am waiting in a cab at the next corner by the fountain.

Mellin's hand shook as he read. He did not doubt that she came as an emissary; probably they meant to hound him for payment of the note he had given Sneyd, and at that thought he could have shrieked with hysterical laughter

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

"Spik little. Yes."

"Who gave you this card?"

"Coachman," said the boy. "He wait risposta."

"Tell him to say that I shall be there in five minutes."

"Fi' minute. Yes. Good-by."

Mellin was partly dressed—he had risen half an hour earlier and had been distractedly pacing the floor when the page knocked—and he completed his toilet quickly. He passed down the corridors, descended by the stairway (feeling that to use the elevator would be another abuse of the confidence of the hotel company) and slunk across the lobby with the look and the sensations of a tramp who knows that he will be kicked into the street if anybody catches sight of him.

A closed cab stood near the fountain at the next corner. There was a trunk on the box by the driver, and the roof was piled with bags and rugs. He approached uncertainly

"Is—is this—is it Lady Mount-Rhyswicke?" he stammered pitifully.

She opened the door.

"Yes. Will you get in? We'll just drive round the block if you don't mind. I'll bring you back here in ten minutes." And when he had tremulously complied, "*Avanti, cocchiere,*" she called to the driver, and the tired little cab-horse began to draw them slowly along the deserted street.

Lady Mount-Rhyswicke maintained silence for a time, while her companion waited, his heart pounding with dreadful apprehensions. Finally she gave a short, hard laugh and said:

"I saw your face by the corner light. Been havin' a hard day of it?"

The fear of breaking down kept him from answering. He gulped painfully once or twice, and turned his face away from her. Light enough from a street-lamp shone in for her to see.

"I was rather afraid you'd refuse," she said seriously. "Really, I wonder you were willin' to come!"

"I was—I was afraid not to." He choked out the confession with the recklessness of final despair.

"So?" she said, with another short laugh. Then she resumed her even, tired monotone: "Your little friend Cooley's note this morning gave us all a rather fair notion as to what you must be thinkin' of us. He seems to have found a sort of walkin' 'Who's-Who-on-the-Continent' since last night. Pity for some people he didn't find it before! I don't think I'm sympathetic with your little Cooley. 'I guess,' as you Yankees say, 'he can stand it.' But"—her voice suddenly became louder "I'm not in the business of robbin' babies and orphans, no, my dear friend, nor of helpin' anybody else to rob them either!—Here you are!"

She thrust into his hand a small packet, securely wrapped in paper and fastened with rubber bands. "There's your block of express checks for six hundred dollars and your I O U to Sneyd with it. Take better care of it next time."

He had been tremulous enough, but at that his whole body began to shake violently.

"*What?*" he quavered.

"I say, take better care of it next time," she said, dropping again into her monotone. "I didn't have such an easy time gettin' it back from them as you might think. I've got rather a sore wrist, in fact."

She paused at an inarticulate sound from him.

"Oh that's soon mended," she laughed drearily. "The truth is, it's been a good thing for me—your turning up. They're gettin' in too deep water for me, Héléne and her friends, and I've broken with the lot, or they've broken with me, whichever it is. We couldn't hang together after the fightin' we've done to-day. I had to do a lot of threatenin' and things. Welch was ugly, so I had to be ugly too. Never mind"—she checked an uncertain effort of his to speak "I saw what you were like, soon as we sat down at the table last night how new you were and all that. It needed only a glance to see that Héléne had made a mistake about you. She'd got a notion you were a millionaire like the little Cooley, but I knew better from your talk. She's clever, but she's French, and she can't get it out of her head that you could be an American and not a millionaire. Of course, they *all* knew better when you brought out your express checks and talked like somebody in one of the old-time story-books about 'debts of honor.' Even Héléne understood then that the express checks were all you had." She laughed. "I didn't have any trouble gettin' the *note* back!"

She paused again for a moment, then resumed: "There isn't much use our goin' over it all, but I want you to know one thing. Your little friend Cooley made it rather clear that he accused Héléne and me of signalin'. Well, *I* didn't. Perhaps that's the reason you didn't lose as much as he did; I can't say. And one thing more: all this isn't goin' to do you any harm. I'm not very keen about philosophy and religion and that, but I believe if you're let in for a lot of trouble, and it only *half* kills you, you can get some good of it."

"Do you think," he stammered—"do you think I'm worth saving?"

She smiled faintly and said:

"You've probably got a sweetheart in the States somewhere—a nice girl, a pretty young thing who goes to church and thinks you're a great man perhaps? Is it so?"

"I am not worthy," he began, choked suddenly then finished—"to breathe the same air!"

"That's quite right," Lady Mount-Rhyswicke assured him. "Think what you'd think of her if she'd got herself into the same sort of scrape by doin' the things you've been doin'! And remember *that*, if you ever feel impatient with her, or have any temptations to superiority in times to come. And yet"—for the moment she spoke earnestly—"you go back to your little girl, but don't you tell her a word of this. You couldn't even tell her that meetin' you has helped me, because she wouldn't understand."

"Nor do I. I can't."

"Oh, it's simple. I saw that if I was gettin' down to where I was robbin' babies and orphans . . ." The cab halted. "Here's your corner. I told him only to go round the block and come back. Good-by. I'm off for Amalfi. It's a good place to rest."

He got out dazedly, and the driver cracked his whip over the little horse; but Mellin lifted a detaining hand.

"*Aspet*," called Lady Mount-Rhyswicke to the driver. "What is it, Mr. Mellin?"

"I can't—I can't look you in the face," he stammered, his attitude perfectly corroborative of his words. "I would—oh, I would kneel in the dust here before you ——"

"Some of the poetry you told me you write?"

"I've never written any poetry," he said, not looking up. "Perhaps I can—now. What I want to say is—I'm so ashamed of it—I don't know how to get the words out, but I must! I may never see you again, and I must. I'm sorry—please try to forgive me—I wasn't myself when I did it ——"

"Blurt it out; that's the best way."

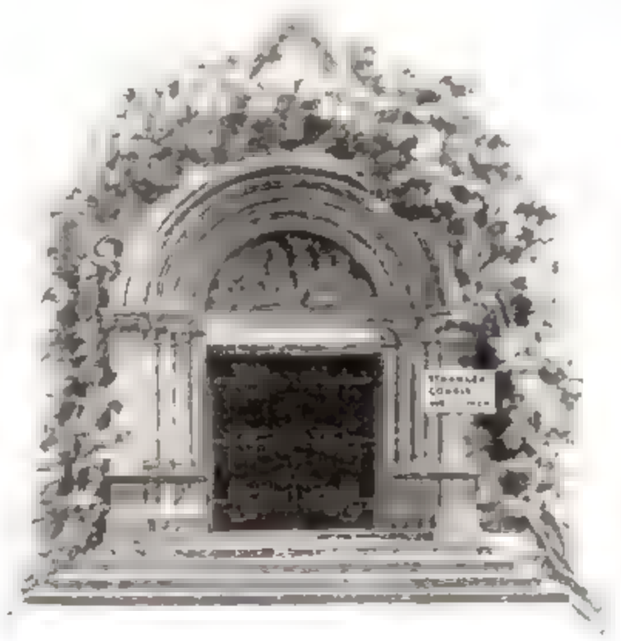
"I'm sorry," he floundered—"I'm sorry I kissed you."

She laughed her tired laugh and said in her tired voice the last words he was ever destined to hear from her:

"Oh, I don't mind, if you don't. It was so innocent, it was what decided me."

One of the hundreds of good saints that belong to Rome must have overheard her and pitied the young man, for it is ascribable only to some such special act of mercy that Mellin understood (and he did) exactly what she meant.

(THE END)



We Asked a Young Woman To Dress Herself Very Plainly

And go to church, each Sunday to a different church of varying denominations, until she had attended 150 in all, to test two points in church work: First, how much the average sign "Strangers Cordially Welcomed" really meant; second, to what extent the average minister would reach out his hand to her in welcome after service. She went to 150 churches in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Saint Louis, New England, the middle West and the South. What her experiences were she begins to tell, church by church, in the September Ladies' Home Journal. Thousands will naturally be interested in reading this young woman's experiences in their own particular church, for each church is named.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN

(Concluded from Page 11)

anybody, from a curator in a museum to the manager of an estate, who wouldn't take a shilling when it was offered him, and so from sheer force of habit I dropped a trade dollar into his hand. You ought to have seen his face. 'What's this for?' he asked. 'No use to me.' And he handed it back. I wanted to go out and kick myself full of holes, I was so ashamed. And, after all, it wasn't my fault. I learned that from you Englishmen."

The toot-toot of an automobile cut short the discussion.

The American millionaire had arrived!

Everybody now started on the run: landlord, two maids in blue dresses with white cap-strings flying, three hostlers, two garage men, four dogs, all bowing and scraping—all except the dogs.

"What did I tell you?" laughed Mac, tapping the curate's broad chest with the end of his plump finger. "That's the way you all do. With us a porter would help him out, a hotel clerk assign him a room, and that would be all of it. The next morning the only man to do him reverence would be the waiter behind his chair figuring for the extra tip. Same old kotow. No wonder he thinks himself a duke."

The party had disembarked now and were nearing the door of the private entrance, the two women in Mother Hubbard veils, the two men in steamer-caps and goggles—the valet and maid carrying the coats and parasols. The larger of the two men shed his goggles, changed his steamer-cap for a slouch hat which his valet handed him, and disappeared inside, followed by the landlord. The smaller man, his hands and arms laden with shawls and wraps, gesticulated for an instant as if giving orders to the two chauffeurs, waited until both machines had backed away, and entered the open door.

"Who do you think the big man is, Mac?" Lonnegan asked.

"Don't know, and don't want to know."

"Lambert."

"What! Saw Logs?"

"The same, and—yes—by Jove! That little fellow with the wraps is Tommy."

A moment later Tommy reappeared and made straight for the barmaid.

"Get me some crushed ice and vermouth," he said. "We carry our Holland with us. Why, Mr. MacWhirter! and Mr. Lonnegan! and ——" (I was the "and"—but he seemed to have forgotten my name.) "Well, this is a surprise!" Neither the mill-owner nor the curate came within range of his eyes.

"Where have I been? Well, I'll have to think. We did London for a week—Savoy for supper—Prince's for luncheon—theatre every night—that sort of thing. Picked up a couple of Gainsboroughs at Agnew's and some tapestries belonging to Lord—forget his name—had a letter." (Here Tommy fumbled in his pocket.) "No, I remember now, I gave it to Sam. Then we motored to Ravenstock—looked over the Duke's stables—spent the night with a very decent chap Sam met in the Rockies last year—son of Lord Wingfall, and ——"

The ice was ready now (it was hived in a keg and hidden in the cellar, and took time to get at), and so was the vermouth, and the glasses, all on a tray.

"No, I'll carry it." This to the barmaid, who wanted to call a waiter. "I never let anybody attend to this for Sam but myself"—this to us. "I'll be back in a minute."

In a few moments he returned, picking up the thread of his discourse with: "Where was I? Oh, yes, at Lord Wingfall's son's. Well, that's about all. We are on our way now to spend a few days with ——" Here he glanced at the curate and the mill-owner, who were absorbing every word that fell from his lips. "Some of the gentry in the next county—can't think of their names—friends of Sam." It became evident now that neither Mac nor Lonnegan intended introducing him to either of the Englishmen.

The barmaid pushed a second tray over the counter, and Tommy drew up a chair and waved us into three others. "Sam is so helpless, you know," he chattered on. "I can't leave him, really, for an hour. Depends on me for everything. Funny, isn't it, that a man worth—well, anywhere from forty to fifty millions of dollars, and made it all himself—should be that way? But it's a fact. Very simple man, too, in his tastes, when you know him. Mrs. Lambert and Rosie" (Mac stole a look at Lonnegan at the familiar use of the last name, but Tommy flowed on) "got tired of the Cynthia—she's a hundred and ninety feet over all, sixteen knots, and cost a quarter of a million—and wanted Sam to get something bigger. But the old man held out; wanted to know what I thought of it, and, of course, I had to say she was all right, and that settled it. Just the same way with that new house on the avenue—you know it, Mr. Lonnegan—after he'd spent one hundred and fifty thousand dollars decorating the music-room—that's the one facing the avenue—she thought she'd change it to Louis-Seize. Of course Sam didn't care for the money, but it was the dirt and plaster and discomfort of it all. By-the-way, after dinner suppose you and Mr. Lonnegan, and you, too"—this to me—"come in and have a cigar with Sam. We've got some good Reina Victorias especially made for him—glad to have you know him."

Mac gazed out of the open door and shut his teeth tight. Lonnegan looked down into the custard-pie face of the speaker, but made no reply. Tommy laid a coin on the counter, shot out his cuffs, said: "See you later," and sauntered out.

No! There were no buds or blossoms—nothing of any kind, for that matter—out of Tommy's reach!

The mill-owner rose to his feet, straightened his square shoulders, made a movement as if to speak, altered his mind, shook Mac's hand warmly, and with a bow to the taproom, and a special nod to the barmaid, mounted his horse and rode off. The curate looked up and smiled, his gaze riveted on Mac.

"One of your American gentlemen, sir?" he asked. The tone was most respectful—not a trace of sarcasm, not a line visible about the corners of his mouth; only the gray eyes twinkled.

"No," answered Mac grimly; "a gentleman's gentleman."

The next morning at sunrise Mac burst into our room roaring with laughter, slapping his pajama-incased knee with his fat hand, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"They've gone!" he cried. "Scooted! Saw Logs, Mrs. Saw, the piece of kindling and her maid in the first car, and ——"

He was doubled up like a jack-knife.

"And left Tommy behind!" we both cried.

"Behind!" Mac was verging on apoplexy now. "Behind! Not much. He was tucked away in the other car with the valet!"

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 15)

silent Italian, industriously refilling his pipe as fast as he smoked it out. Mr. Carleso explained that this was Giovanni; that he did not speak English because he had only been in this country four years; but that he had earned enough money to bring over his wife and children, who were expected to-morrow.

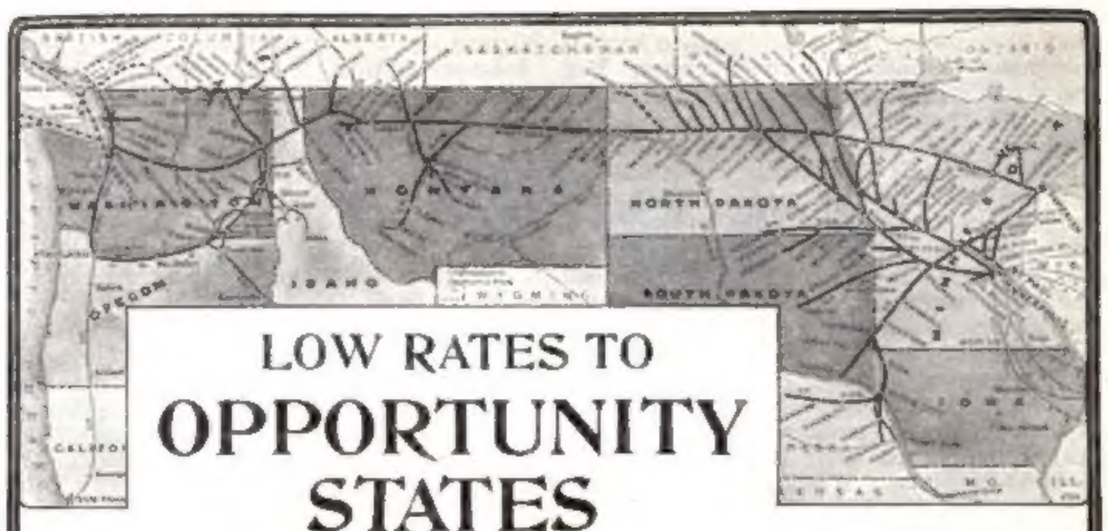
"Giovanni, he like-a show you his house he got-a ready for his-a family."

And so we went with Giovanni to see the freshly cleaned and garnished rooms to which the Italian wife would be introduced the next day. I could not help wondering, as I looked at the bare walls and the wooden furniture, as I watched the mill smoke settle on the windows, how these things would seem to her after the Italian sun.

These Italian women do not easily adapt themselves to American ways. The men adopt the ready-made clothes, join the trade unions and take an interest in politics; but their wives stay shut up at home.

But if the Italian women are unaffected by the Calumet environment, this is not true of such people as the Croatians, Hungarians, Austrians and Servians.

A Hungarian physician, who is fighting for the health of the district against terrible odds, told me that these people come from the country districts, where they live chiefly on bread, cabbage and tea.



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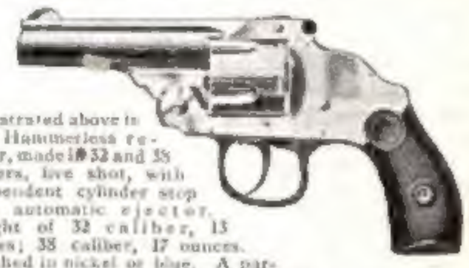

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"Not more often than once in the week do they have meat," he said; "and to have it every day belongs to the aristocracy. But the American wages make them to think they are themselves the aristocrats, and they eat meat three times in one day—couple of pounds of steak for the breakfast, and for dinner and for supper. Then they are sick—ninety per cent. of them with the gastritis, and, in four or five years, three-quarters of the men and all the women with the tuberculosis. They have the money, but no one teaches them how to spend it. You care for the dogs, you Americans, and for the horses, but you do not care for the people. You let them sleep, twenty-seven of them in but one small room. You do not make them keep their houses clean, nor even themselves. What good are the inspectors? They do not make the people go to prison or even make them pay for being dirty; and so they die and their children die, and it is as though they had never come to this country."

At the post-office a letter-carrier confirmed the doctor's statement about the crowded lodging-houses.

"Yes, sometimes two hundred of them in one house—beds just as thick as they can stand on the floor, and full with the night-shift daytimes, and the day-shift night-times; the beds never have a chance to get cold. And the smell!—well, I never go inside even of the saloons. I can't stand it. The people have to come out and get their letters on the street. Do the women work? Well, I guess yes! When they're married they support their husbands and families. Only three or four of them to do the cooking and washing for a couple o' hundred men—you see, there's only about one woman to twenty-four men. Ain't you noticed the lines of washing always hanging out? They ain't nothing but men's clothes. There ain't a day from Monday till Saturday that them lines ain't full."

The head of the post-office in South Chicago agreed that the people earned plenty of money, and based his belief on the amount which was sent through the office in money-orders.

"About five-sixths of the men send money out of the country," said he; "and some of them send a good deal. There was a Hungarian used to come here with an interpreter and send money back to his wife. One day he came in and sent back fifteen hundred dollars in a bunch; and the interpreter told me that he was going back himself the next day. I looked up the records and found that he'd sent six thousand dollars in seven years. The interpreter said to me: 'Do you know how he's done it? Well, you see those clothes he's wearing. They're the same he wore when he came here, seven years ago.'"

There was nearly a million dollars sent abroad from the steel-workers last year. This fact alone shows that it is not lack of money which causes the wretchedness of the steel-workers' wives.

It is altogether a strange situation. Work is plenty, the trade unions are strong, and wages are good; food, rents and clothes are not especially high. And with all this, the conditions of life are miserable in the extreme. These steel-workers have plenty to eat and plenty to wear, but they have nothing more. The land on which they live is not land, but an oozy swamp; the air which they breathe is not air, but gas and smoke and cinders; the work which the men do is not only productive industry, but also a constantly losing struggle against the frightfully high percentage of accidents, and there is so little provision made for their pleasure that to drink seems their only resource.

It is lack of healthful conditions and of decent amusements, not poverty, which is preventing the development of the steel-worker's wife. Of whatever race, she is usually a strong, industrious, peasant woman. She is likely to be intelligent, and she is certainly susceptible of improvement.

But of the many things necessary to help her she has only been given money, and this she has not been taught how to spend. And since these bad conditions can be remedied, since swamps can be drained, streets paved, houses built; since enough theatres, reading-rooms, concert-halls and parks can be provided; since smoke can be consumed and trees planted, it would seem that there is a wrong being done to the steel-worker and his wife and his family. If it is worth while having steel rails and cars and machinery, it is worth while that they should be made under the right conditions—conditions which high wages alone do not produce.

Libraries of Wall Street

Ready-Reference Reading for Brokers and Bankers

ONE day in March, a man past middle age went into the Astor Library and called for the Anatomy of a Railroad Report and the Work of Wall Street. It was just after the first slump of that disastrous month, when standard stocks were on the bargain list, and this man, who may be said to typify the small investor, unwilling to trust the advice of friends or of his favorite newspaper, was taking the look which conservatism demands should precede a leap into the field of stock investments.

And his choice of books was as commendable as was the spirit of caution which prompted this investigation, for both works are recognized authorities. The only excuse for remark which the incident affords is the fact that it shows the lamentable dearth of financial literature ordinarily available to the small investor when contrasted with the other special libraries.

Wall Street is not commonly regarded as a literary centre, or as a place where anything is read save newspapers and the ticker. Yet scattered throughout the district are great libraries devoted wholly to finance and investments which constitute the fund from which is derived information necessary to a proper interpretation of the news of the day. Whether to answer queries of customers, or to prepare the current circulars and market letters, or to secure data as a basis for syndicate operations, these collections are in constant use. It would, indeed, be impossible for a banking house to perform its functions without some sort of a library. Harriman & Co. have an extensive library and appropriate $10,000 each year for its support. William A. Read & Co., Harvey Fisk and Sons, also have notable libraries, and the same might be said of the house of Speyer, or of Redmond, or of Blair, or of any of the houses which are most prominent among the Wall Street financial institutions.

Of what do these libraries consist? Not books; at least not to any great extent. They contain, of course, the standard manuals, and files of periodicals, but the bulk of each collection is made up of what the ordinary librarian might feel disposed to class as ephemera, and store in the basement—annual reports of railroads and other corporations, reports of masters, referees, receivers and reorganization committees, bond circulars, compilations of statistical data, charts, bond maps, digests of mortgages and clippings—these are some of the things which, however worthless individually, are in the aggregate invaluable.

There are also files of reports of government officials, and departments municipal, state and national, making, in all, not a very readable library, but a remarkable collection of source materials.

These libraries exist for the proper service of customers, but most customers are not "small" investors, and many are not investors at all. Yet it must be said that the man who has served us as a type fares far better now in the search for authoritative financial literature than would have been the case some few years ago. Both of the books of his choice are of comparatively recent date, and one is almost new.

Within the last few years the volume of reliable literature upon the subjects of finance and investments available for popular reading has increased tremendously, and, with interest aroused by what it has read, the public is calling for more. It is in answer to this demand that busy men of affairs have prepared books upon their specialties, and for data they have had in most cases only to turn to their own working libraries. This brings these special collections into the service of the public, and the result cannot but be good to the small investor. —*Fred W. Powell.*

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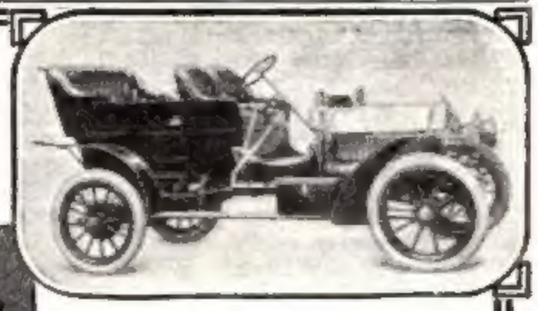

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